

MAY 1936
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The American
LEGION



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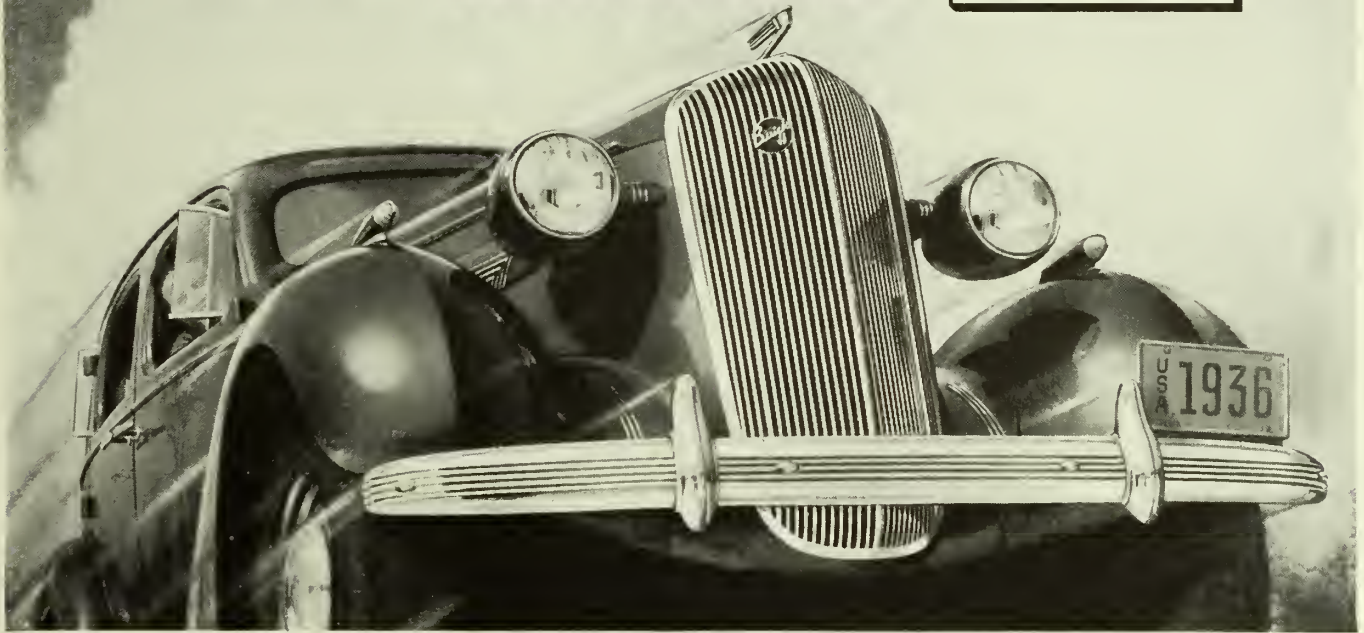
A TINGLING
COOLING ORANGE
GIN TOM COLLINS

I think almost every reader of the AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY has tried at least one of my gins — now I urge you to try all three. Whether you enjoy the iced happiness of a tasty thirst-quenching fizz or Tom Collins, or whether you, like many others, prefer the concentrated goodness straight as it comes from the bottle — here's gin at its best, yet at prices lower than such quality justifies.

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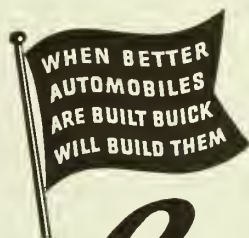
Point the nose at a hill and you go soaring over the crest with an ease and buoyance such as you have never known.

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For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

MAY, 1936

The American LEGION MONTHLY

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YOU may write your own title for Herbert Morton Stoops's painting for this issue. To anyone who has ever known the satisfaction of sliding into home plate a split second ahead of the plop of a baseball into a catcher's mitt, there is only one title possible. It is the word "Safe!" Incidentally, this month of May again sees the mobilization of a half million boys for American Legion Junior Baseball. Many of the boys who began playing baseball under Legion auspices back in 1926 are now stars of the major leagues.

IF you are one of those who started collecting reproductions of the Monthly's cover paintings and regretted the withdrawal of the chance to buy them at ten cents each, here's news. So many requests have been received for reproductions of W. J. Aylward's painting of Old Ironsides on the cover of the March issue that special arrangements have been made to supply them at the old rate. See the special offer on page 67. We're sorry that the offer can't hold good for other covers since the one for December, 1935.

"PASS in Review!" Field Marshal Nature might have ordered. Forthwith earthquakes, tornadoes, forest fires, droughts, dust storms—a whole procession of American disasters in recent years. Then March, with the skies opening, in the East, letting down cloudbursts upon the melting snow of the mountains, and in more than a dozen States American Legion posts mobilize to fight the perils created by the worst floods in American history. This issue of the Monthly was far along when the

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floods began, so we asked for telegraphic reports by Department Adjutants from all the flood battlefronts of the Legion. Those reports, on page 25, prove that Legion posts, long organized to conduct rescue and relief work under the Legion's national program, have met the test of 1936 magnificently. In a later issue will be presented more fully the story of what was done everywhere.

Everywhere praise for what posts did. "People driven from their homes by water find quarters commonly in Legion halls," writes the *Daily News* of Dayton, Ohio. "Wherever there are floods, there the veterans are also, fighting in flood as once they fought in war." High praise, coming from Dayton, where they preserve vivid memories of a flood cataclysm in 1913 which taught them to build dams and keep dangerous waters out of their city—a lesson other communities will now heed.

THE Cleveland National Convention gets nearer. You are reminded of that by the story "Blow, Bugle, Blow!" in this issue, the close-up story of the national drum corps contest at the National Convention in St. Louis last September. Each year the corps get better. Uniforms get brighter and grander. Music is surpassingly better than it was before trick bugles were legalized, adding many more notes to the playing range. Marching keeps pace with other improvements. The Cleveland National Convention will be held September 21st to 24th. If you have never seen one of these great spectacles, start by seeing the one in Cleveland's big stadium on the lake-front. It will be only one high spot of a great convention.

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SAFETY FIRST—*and* LAST

By Charles F. Kettering

I WANT to begin by congratulating all the organizations and individuals who are taking an active part in traffic safety work. I believe that we are now obtaining interest from a sufficient number of sources to get the active support of those who will have to take the leadership in this work. To my mind, one of the most encouraging developments in the accident situation is that so many viewpoints are now represented in the groups which are attempting to devise plans for reducing the accident rate. This recognition of the many factors involved is a necessary prerequisite to any sane, workable plan.

However, we have only started the work. The accident rate has not been reduced and will not be until we obtain the co-operation of everyone—child and adult, driver and pedestrian. After all, the problem is largely one in human relations and that is one of the most complicated, unpredictable problems with which we can deal.

Let us look at just one of these problems in human relations. Each of us is more or less a two-sided person. We are an “instinctive being”—we react, as things come up, without thought. Then we are an “intelligent being” when we analyze and try to determine the best thing to do under a given set of circumstances. In order to illustrate what I mean, let us take an example. You have all probably asked someone to drop medicine in your eye sometime in your life; you know it is very difficult to hold your eye open when you see the drop coming. The desire to shut your eye has nothing to do with intelligence, it is purely an instinctive reaction of your eye muscles.

However, if you think hard and steadily, you can hold your eye open because you know you will not be hurt. I mention this because it is exactly what happens in driving. When we have time to think and analyze we seldom get into trouble. When the unusual happens, intelligence does not control, it is our “instinctive reactions” that control what we do. We want these instinctive reactions to be the right ones. This is only one of a long list of variables in human reactions which have a large effect upon the accident situation.

The automobile industry has tried to design and produce as safe a vehicle as possible. When the car is delivered to the owner it already has a long history of safety behind it. Engineers have designed safety into every feature; road and proving ground tests have checked every factor in the design; skilled workmen using safe machinery have built the car; and an experienced inspection department has given double assurance that no mistakes are made during its manufacture. After the car is delivered the manufacturer has



no direct control over its use and upkeep. I do wish to assure you that the manufacturer is still interested in the car and will do everything within reason to aid the owner to get the most satisfaction and use out of it. Naturally safety is part of this interest.

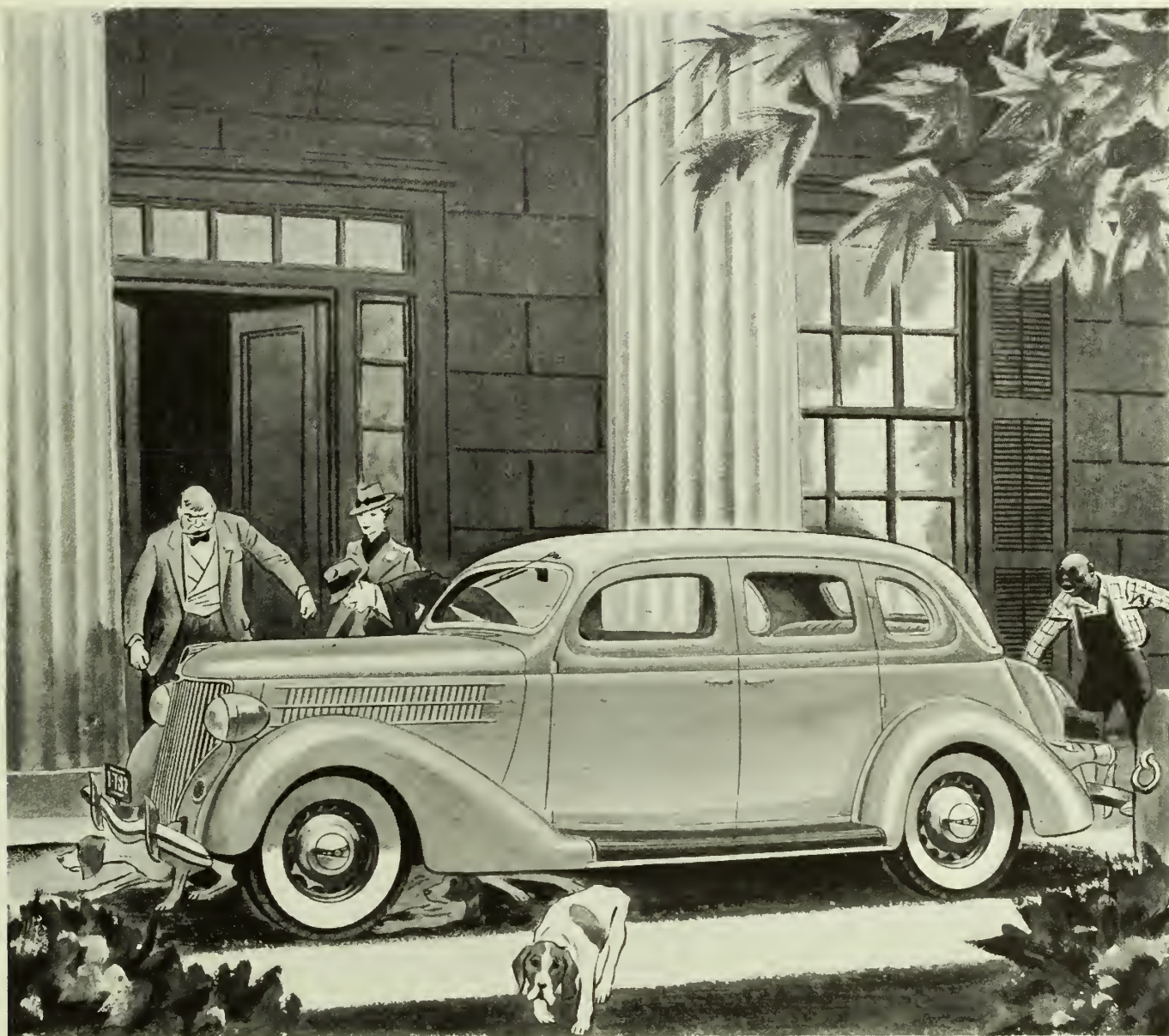
We have all heard much talk recently about speed as a main cause of traffic accidents. Proposals are therefore made to limit by law the possible speed of the car. This would make the job of the manufacturer much easier, but the customers demand a vehicle which will accelerate rapidly, climb hills without gear shifting, and travel at a fairly rapid pace along the road. It is a fundamental urge of human beings to want to move from place to place rapidly. We cannot successfully stifle this instinctive feeling by legislation no matter how much we should like to.

No one knows to what speed we should be limited. I have seen as much reckless driving at speeds under thirty miles an hour as I have at speeds over sixty. The speedometer is a poor measure of dangerous driving. The safe speed is much more concerned with the condition of the roadway, weather, driver, traffic, time of day and car, than with the reading on the speedometer. The safe speed is the one in which the car in good condition is under control and can be stopped within the clear vision distance ahead.

Many of the plans suggest limiting the speed to from fifty miles per hour to sixty miles per hour. This would be of very little help. A governor limiting the speed to any of the above rates would be set entirely too high for many conditions. It is entirely above the speeds safe for many of our city streets. Likewise, it is too high for even open highways when traffic is dense, when the roads are covered with ice and snow, or when vision is limited by fog or night. A governor limiting the top speed to a lower value would never be practical. In other words, there are too many variables which affect the safe driving speed for governors to do much good. I also question the advisability of any device which takes the control of the car out of the hands of the driver. We do not yet know how to make a machine which can do our thinking for us. It is often just as important to be able to accelerate rapidly and increase our speed to avoid accidents as it is to slow down.

Both the driving public and the pedestrian should be educated to use the automobile and roadway in the safest manner possible. The highways and streets should be improved in keeping with improvements in the vehicles which use them. Law enforcement and the courts may need some revision to keep up with present day needs. I feel sure that the work now going on will do much to bring about a worthwhile reduction in our yearly traffic toll.

FROM time to time, a page of The American Legion Monthly will be turned over to a special guest editor—some prominent figure in American life, Legionnaire or non-Legionnaire, whose views on problems of present-day concern are worth recording and worth reading. Guest editors, of course, will have the privilege of saying what they choose to say and of saying it in the manner they think fit. In this issue the Monthly takes pleasure in presenting Charles Franklin Kettering, Vice President of General Motors Corporation and Director of its noted Research Laboratories. An engineer of distinguished service, his most recent honor is the Washington Award for 1936, a prize given annually by five national engineering societies.



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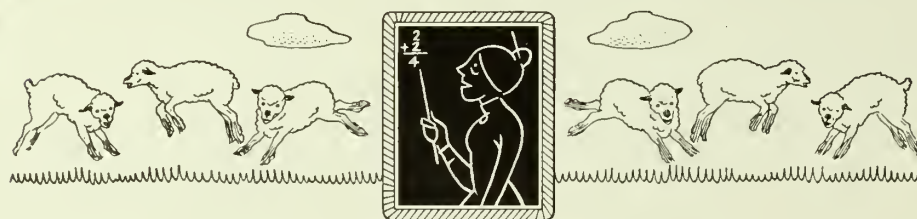
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MAY, 1936



Schools *and* YOU

By Agnes Samuelson



WHETHER or not you have crossed the continent in an airflow train or soared over it by airplane, you have been interested in the exciting new speed records being established by the streamline model.

You may or may not be intrigued with the streamline pattern, but you must admit that it is revolutionizing locomotion and making transportation history. You have observed also how the streamline idea is appearing in advertising new styles—the latest developments in bathing suits, hair bobs, footballs, toys, hats. Men's shoes are air conditioned and streamlined.

But what has this to do with education? With the profession of teaching? The purpose of streamlining is better performance. Isn't that in a nutshell just what we are after in education? Isn't that just what we are after in every school, home, church?

The question is how to secure this better performance, how to usher in an era of education comparable to the new era in transportation. What shall the pattern be? Not so easy when human values are in-

involved. How shall we make good on the educational birthright of all the children of all the people in a period of economic crisis? How dare we face the future if we do not do it?

A few months ago the United States Commissioner of Education, John W. Studebaker, reported that more than one-eighth of the school children of the United States were in school districts without sufficient funds to operate schools the customary length of school term. The full import of that fact and its future implications are not to be ignored. What is the risk to democracy if the schoolhouse door be closed?

Recovery programs will not be complete if education is not included. Reconstruction will collapse unless streamlined with education. Education must not, like Ignorance in "The Pilgrim's Progress," "come hobbling after." It must streamline the new order of things and, in turn, must itself be streamlined for better performance, in the interest of a better America.

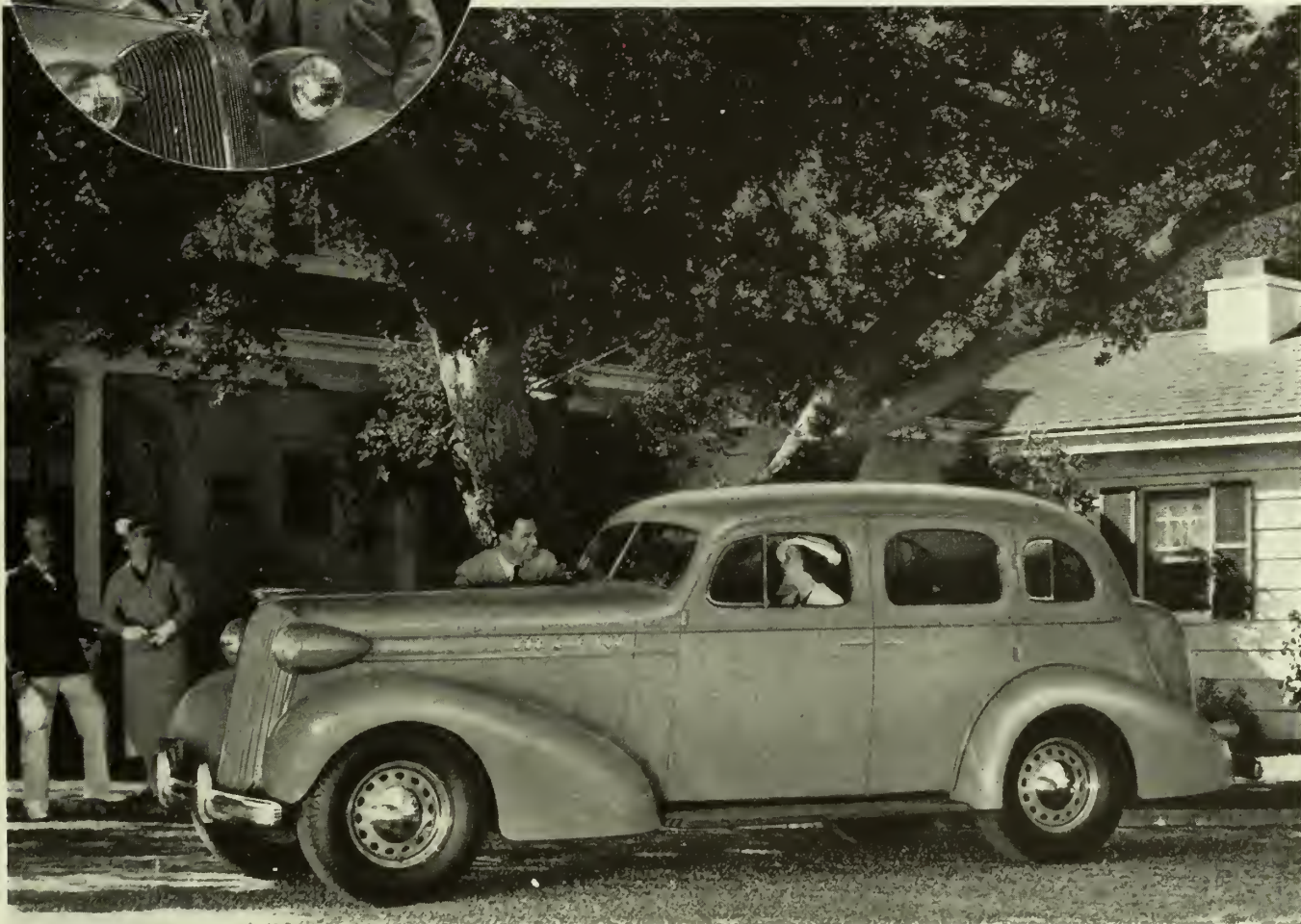
How? No small task. It must be done both outside and (Continued on page 66)

Illustration by Hanson Booth

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



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for my money!"*



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PRIVATE

BY HUGH WILEY

Illustrations

by Wallace Morgan

KNEE deep in the chill mud that fringed the Battle of Bo'deaux the Wildcat and the Backslid Baptist and various other members of the Fust Service Battalion floundered around and wondered how much longer payday would remain AWOL.

"Ain't no better off dan we wuz befo' de white folks graited us into dis war," the Backslid Baptist complained.

"Eatin' mo' copious, ain't you?"

"Kain't say I is et so copious since we landed offen dat old steamboat," Backslid commented.

"Yo' eatin' organs didn't fluctuate so tremendous on de boat," the Wildcat observed.

"Dey et all right," Backslid returned. "Dey et noble enuff. Ain't got no complaint so fur as dat item goes. Main trouble wuz dat dem boat rations wouldn't stay et. Boy, when I buries a square meal in my stummick it grieves me to have it resurrected like de boat's whistle wuz Gabriel's horn."

"You sho did resurrect dat boiled liver de fust night out of Hoboken."

Lizard, reclining in his bunk in the corner of the hut, yawned

heavily. "Sho wisht us boys had one mo' good feed like dat good old liver. Dese rations de Army is puttin' out ain't fit fo' hog feed."

"Mebbe dat's de reason dey aims 'em at you. You ain't got de sense of a hog—wastin' all dem francs in dat crap game wid dem artillery boys. Might know dem white boys git you."

"Us have lots of francs, come payday."

"Oh Lawd—how long is payday?"

"Wilecat, whut you gwine to do when payday finally gits here?"

The Wildcat gave this a moment's thought. Then, "Fust



THE Wildcat and his gang, pay laden and denied the pleasures of Bordeaux, run afoul of some Annamite brothers-at-arms, but finally make their point

WAR

thing I does is to git me a Bo'deaux pass f'm Sergeant Kinzie."

"Dat's it! Bo'deaux pass is de fust thing—go on."

"Den I brushes myself off on de outside an' baptizes myself copious on de inside wid dis yere van blink an' some coonyak an' den I tells de boy in de eatin' house, 'Boy, bring along some fancy rations an' keep a-comin' double time till you sees my ears stick straight out.'"

The Backslid Baptist shook his head. "Ain't gwine to clutter up no good old coonyak an' van blink wid no rations de fust time I goes to Bo'deaux."

"Tention, men!" Over by the door, Cinnamon, the captain's striker, grated a harsh command. "'Tention for Sergeant Kinzie."

Cinnamon ducked out of the doorway to give place to the Top. "You boys rare up outen dem bunks an' lissen mighty close for de bugle call," Sergeant Kinzie commanded. "You been lissenin' for three months—now it's gwine to blow."

"Sergeant, you mean payday?"

The first notes of the pay call rendered Sergeant Kinzie's reply superfluous. A tumult of activity hit the hut. Within four

"Let's git goin'! Dese Chinese devils is gone crazy!" the Wildcat cried as the yellow men rushed at them

minutes C Company of the Fust Service Battalion was lined up in the rain moving slowly past the pay table from which three delayed paydays were being dealt out to Lady Luck's neglected legion.

Payday used up thirty minutes of the evening but there was lots of time left for a dash toward the pleasures of Bo'deaux. "Us makes it easy in half an hour ridin' one of dem low-neck hacks. Rally round de office whilst de sergeant deals out de passes."

Rallyin' round the office the eager throng was presently socked with a chilling announcement roared from the leather lungs of Sergeant Kinzie. "Cap'n says dey ain't gwine to be no passes tonight! You boys fall in, line up, march over to dat recreation hut. You gwine to be uplifted." Sergeant Kinzie looked at a slip of paper that he held in his right hand. "Marmaduke C. Raleigh—he's gwine to learn you how to read an' write an' play games. Fall in! Dat upliftin' man waitin' fo' you right now."

Facing the Backslid Baptist the Wildcat groaned. "Dog-gone it! I thought us wuz set free f'm dem uplifters. Oh, Lawd, wuz hard luck a rain drop dis Uplifter has cloudburst right in our face". . . . The mourner clenched his hand on the reassuring roll of French banknotes in his pocket. "Payday, bide yo' time! Right dis minnit de old man-eatin' Uplifter is got you stopped. Nemmine payday, at ease. You gits action mighty soon in spite of dat old Marmalade Crawley."

THE sour-faced Marmaduke Raleigh headed into his uplift problem with a sadistic enthusiasm and a salary larger than that enjoyed by the captain of the Wildcat's company.

"Don't pester me about no passes to no place," Sergeant Kinzie growled on the morning following the Uplifter's arrival. "Old Marmalade aims to learn you field hands to read an' write. Cap'n says rally in de mess hall every evenin' until further orders."

A volley of groans greeted this announcement. Then, tempering the freezing winds that howled around the Uplifter's victims, Lady Luck relented with a work order that distributed two-thirds of the able-bodied members of C Company along the rough road from Genicart to Lormont.

"Hot dam, men! Nuthin' gwine to stop me f'm edgin' into dat cafe in Lormont when us gits down dat fur toward de river," Cinder Eye exclaimed when the road repair order was promulgated.

Nothing stopped Cinder Eye, Lizard and the Wildcat and the rest of the work crew. In the first hour of their first day's labor on the road, warming gulps of coonyak were absorbed by one and all. Sporadic outbursts of crap shooting forthwith inspired a desire for wider fields of action with the cubes of chance.

"Ain't no use for one boy in dis outfit winnin' it f'm some other boy an' losin' it back to him right away."

"Ain't dat de truth!"

"Sho is de truth. Whut us craves is outside money."

"Wisht dem artillery boys would show up right now. Only thing that kept me f'm cleanin' up dat whole brigade wuz a short bankroll."

"Lissen to me, men. I knows where dey is some outside money. You remembers dem little old sawed-off Chinees boys whut—"



Old Dong Gut's heavy teakwood walking stick beat the cadence of sweet revenge on Marmaduke's skull

"Dem Annamite boys don't shoot no craps. Dey plays dat fantan game."

"No matter whut dey plays dey gambles."

"Lizard, you sho said a mouthful. How come nobody think of dat Annamite outfit long befo' dis?"

"How us gwine to sneak away to dat Annamite camp?"

"Next section of dis road us is fixin' up runs right past dat Chinee camp."

For the next week work seemed to lag on the half-mile stretch of road that paralleled the long row of Annamite barracks.

Dong Gut, preaching in the Buddhist temple in which the Annamites rendered their devotions to their various deities, ran a sideline of fantan for all comers.

On the second day of the fantan campaign, "Keep away from the gambling table," Dong Gut ordered, addressing his countrymen. "The gods of fortune have sent us a golden harvest."

At early evening in the brief interval between recall from the road work and the long march uphill to their camp, the Wildcat and the Backslid Baptist and three other members of the brunet gambling delegation audited their dwindling funds in Dong Gut's joint.

"Dogged if I ain't got but forty francs left," the Wildcat complained. "Wonder where at my payday money is went?"

"You been hittin' dat van blink mighty heavy all day long," Cinder Eye offered.

"Ain't hit me no twenty francs worth of van blink. Started out dis mornin' wid sixty francs."

"You just lose five francs three times to dis old Dong Gut boy," the Backslid Baptist suggested.

"Mebbe dat's it. Well, here goes twenty francs mo' on dat bean-countin' game. I hope old Dong Gut breaks his neck!" The Wildcat split his bankroll in two. "Keep a eye on de game," he said to Cinder Eye after he had made his bet. "Ise gwine to dive into dis free lunch over here on de church counter."

"I helps you wid de lunch," the Backslid Baptist volunteered. "Us been too busy gamblin' in dis joint to think about de lunch."

The lunch toward which the Wildcat and his companion headed was a votive offering to the gods, spread on an altar adorned with

tinsel decorations of gold and silver. Flanked starboard and port by vases of black wine, a roast chicken varnished a golden brown with tempting sauces lay supine at the feet of a tall statue of Kwan Yin.

"Eats me a leg offen dat chicken," the Wildcat announced. "Follers it up wid a dash of dat white meat an' den a good copious dram outen one of dem likker jugs."

"I divides de chicken wid you," Backslid agreed. "Like as not old Dong Gut got a million chickens waitin' in de back room de way us is been losin' money to him. Looks like he could be mo' liberal wid dis free lunch layout."

"Take a-hold of dat other leg an' pull!" the Wildcat ordered briefly, reaching for the roast chicken's left leg. "Grab a wing." He called across to the master of the fantan game: "Lissen to me, Dong, send somebody out to git some mo' of dese chickens. Dey taste mighty noble."

Dong Gut poised the slender handle of his little ebony fantan hoe in a moment of amazement. A tremor traversed his thin frame. Then at the top of his lungs, "*Shui sooeey!*"

he screeched. "Atone for sin!"

The Wildcat scowled. "Don't try to shoo me away f'm dis lunch wid dat Chinee talk."

"*Mo-kuei. Song tiuh!* Here are men up from hell! Rally for combat at the feet of the Living God!"

An answering chorus of threatening yells lifted from the long line of the Annamites' barracks. As the alarm spread the Wildcat and his companions heard the first sounds of a stampede that seemed to be heading in their direction.

"Whut's one little old chicken to a big gamblin' house?" Lady Luck's orphan protested, yelling at Dong Gut in an effort to be heard above the growing tumult. Then, realizing the advantage of retreat, "Come along here, Backslid!" he commanded. "You, Cinder Eye, fetch Lizard an' Cinnamon an' de rest of dem boys. Let's git goin'! Dese Chinese devils is gone crazy!"

The route to the front door of the hut was suddenly blocked by a mob of little yellow men.

"Come along out de back door!"

The rear exit of Dong Gut's establishment was thronged with a milling mob of Annamites. Trapped, the Wildcat turned to the proprietor of the joint. "Lissen to me, boy, keep dat money on de table dere. Buy yo'self one more chicken. Us boys pays for de chicken. How much is it?"

"No ketchum money!" Dong Gut screeched. "You allee same devil! Kill my church!"

"Boy, you sounds crazy to me. Whut you mean kill yo' church?"

Quickly realizing the odds against the stevedore delegation, "Lemme talk at him in French," Lizard interposed. "Lemme see kin I find out whut is eatin' on him."

Presently in the calming tumult, "He says does us pay him de price of fifty chickens for dis Chinee saint standin' dere on de mourners' bench, he lets us go. Otherwise—lissen, Wilecat, us got to hand him de money. Dem Chinee boys outside de door is mighty copious when dey begins whittlin' on de human carcass. Gimme all de money you got. Pass de hat. Shower down, brothers. Old Dong Gut wants a hundred francs. Give it to him quick so as us kin retreat in de sunshine of his smile."

"Else whut?" The Backslid Baptist growled the question.

"Else mighty likely de next music you hears after yo' pussional taps is blowed is a harp solo wid you at de throttle."

"Dat's right, boy. Give good old Dong Gut de money," the Wildcat advised. "Whut do a few old chickens mean compared to a friend in need? Here you is, Dong Gut—here's twenty francs. Dat's de last cent I got."

The retreat of the chastened fantan addicts, accomplished under the cover of darkness, brought them presently to the sanctuary of their quarters on the hill at Genicart.

By the time Dong Gut's victims had revived their courage with a cargo of supper rations, plans for revenge on the yellow-faced highjackers were well under way.

"Right after dat weasel-faced Marmalade Crawley turns us loose f'm his readin' an' writin' jail you boys rally round de hut an' we figgers out how us kin conquer Dong Gut an' de rest of dem Chinees varmint. Ain't gwine to let no little yaller monkeys whut kain't talk English win no fight in de fust round! Rally in de hut jus' as soon as Marmalade lets you go an' us figgers de next move in dis private war."

The first executive session of the Revenge Committee resulted in a water haul.

On the following day an air of mystery deepening with the passing hours hung over the road gang as it labored wrathfully in the steady rain.

At evening to one of his lieutenants, "There's something wrong with those men," the captain commanding the outfit observed. "See if you can find out what it is. They act like an epidemic of the voodoo itch is sneaking up on them."

"I'll see what Kinzie has to say," the Loot answered.

Sergeant Kinzie under direct examination had little to say and in that little there was no enlightening essence of fact. "Lootenant, I be dogged if I see anythin' ailin' wid dem boys. Mebbe

dey chompin' de bit account of de uplift whut Marmaduke C. Raleigh is perpetratin' in dere midst."

"Listen, Sergeant Kinzie, that Raleigh man has nothing to do with it," the lieutenant said sharply. "Make it your business to find out what's going on."

"Yass suh, Lootenant, I finds out whut's itchin' in de vitals of dem boys does I have to gut 'em wide open to do it."

Sergeant Kinzie's investigation, conducted in the direct manner of a battering ram, concentrated on the Wildcat and the other members of the executive committee of the new mystery lodge. "Don't lie to me, boy. Lootenant says find out whut's goin' on an' I aims to find out. Whut's de nature of de ruckus? Tell de whole truth an' nuthin' else but, else you never gits another Bo'deaux pass f'm now on."

"Bo'deaux passes ain't been so copious lately as to bow me down none," the Wildcat grumbled.

"Nemmine how copious dey is been. Come a-runnin' wid information on de main question an' don't sweet talk me. Befo' somethin' else ails you mighty bad tell me whut ails you now."

"Sergeant, lissen to me. Swear to me by de white rag in de jaw of de lamb, oath me by de three black hairs in de split stick f'm de weepin' willow, an' I tells you whut's agitatin' me an' de rest of de hands."

Sergeant Kinzie nodded. "I swears by my oath," he said. "Proceed ahead wid yo' revelation."

"In de fust place how you reckon us likes to be penned up wid three paydays, no Bo'deaux passes an' dat Marmalade Uplifter puttin' on a prayer meetin' every night consistin' of learnin' to read an' write?"

Sergeant Kinzie nodded sympathetically. "I knows. Go ahead."

"In de second place how you like to be deprived loose f'm de last cent you got outen three paydays by (Continued on page 42)

"Lissen to me—," offered Sergeant Kinzie, and after a deep drag on the big cigar, "dis is de fust thing you got to do"



PEACE, *the* REDS *and the* REST of *Us*

BY

FREDERICK PALMER

HOW many Americans do you know who are for war for war's sake? How many Legionnaires?

How many are in favor of abolishing popular elections? In favor not only of rushing off to join in a European war but even of helping to start one rather than wait too long for the adventure?

According to red-pacifist propaganda, millions of us are, and the number of us who are longing to be shot at is daily increasing.

And what alone can stay this growing suicidal and homicidal American desire to be in the thick of human carnage?

Why, our adoption of the Soviet Russian system under a Stalin type of dictatorship.

There were times when I broke into laughter as I went over my notes and material before I began writing this article. Then my pride in American intelligence was hurt, and the gullibility of some of us gave the ridiculous a serious turn. I dislike to see men and women who want peace keeping company which may precipitate us into war.

In previous articles we have seen how subversive propaganda has spread its influence in labor, welfare, educational, youth and religious organizations, and sought to teach sedition in our Army and Navy; how many people were not conscious of the prick of the needle which injected the dope. With each injection they are receptive to a larger dose, which will turn their pink into red, unless they get wise to themselves before it is too late to break with the habit.

Now we come to the red influence in pacifist organizations. There are two types of pacifists, one without a capital P and one with. The first seek sound and reasonable means of preventing war and promoting good relations among peoples. They may disagree as to the measure and method of

adequate national defense, but they are not in favor of our disarming until other nations will meet us at least half way. They try to keep their feet on the ground.

The largest pacifist organization of this class is the Legion. Veterans know war well enough not to want another and to have practical ideas of the best way to save us from another.

The capital P class are the noisy, dreamy, exhibitionist, narrow and intolerant pacifists. It is they who have given the simple word pacifist a false meaning and held it up to derision.

A capital P pacifist has discovered what he thinks nobody else has ever discovered and what all human experience has taught—that war is a bloody, murderous business. He thinks he has seen a great truth which others have missed. He joins some society, or perhaps founds a new one, which has a recipe for eternal peace—a positively new recipe which is as old as human history. Anyone who disagrees with his recipe is a fire-eating militarist.

One of the slogans of the capital P's is to take the profit out of war. The Legion has long advocated the conscription of war industry, labor and capital as well as of manpower, but that does not strike a sympathetic note for the Legion in the minds of the capital P's.

Haven't the Legionnaires been soldiers or sailors in their country's uniform? If they preferred peace to war, why did they go to war? Don't they join in patriotic parades and decorate soldiers' graves instead of the graves of conscientious objectors or of those who escaped the draft? Don't they mass patriotic flags behind platforms at public meetings?

Don't they look askance at the slacker who proved his love of peace to the capital P's? Do they refuse to forget they were in the war when the slacker is always ready to forget it?

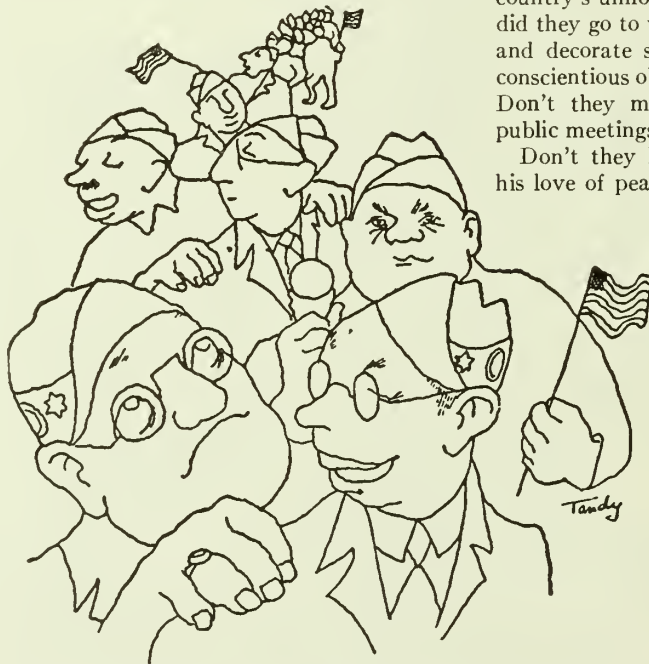
These Legion fellows are seen as the glorifiers of war, the racketeers of war. The capital P's picture a veteran who was in the trenches in France saying, as he pats his son on the shoulder:

"Don't you worry, boy! You aren't old enough yet. You'll have your chance, yet, to be in a war." His mother adds:

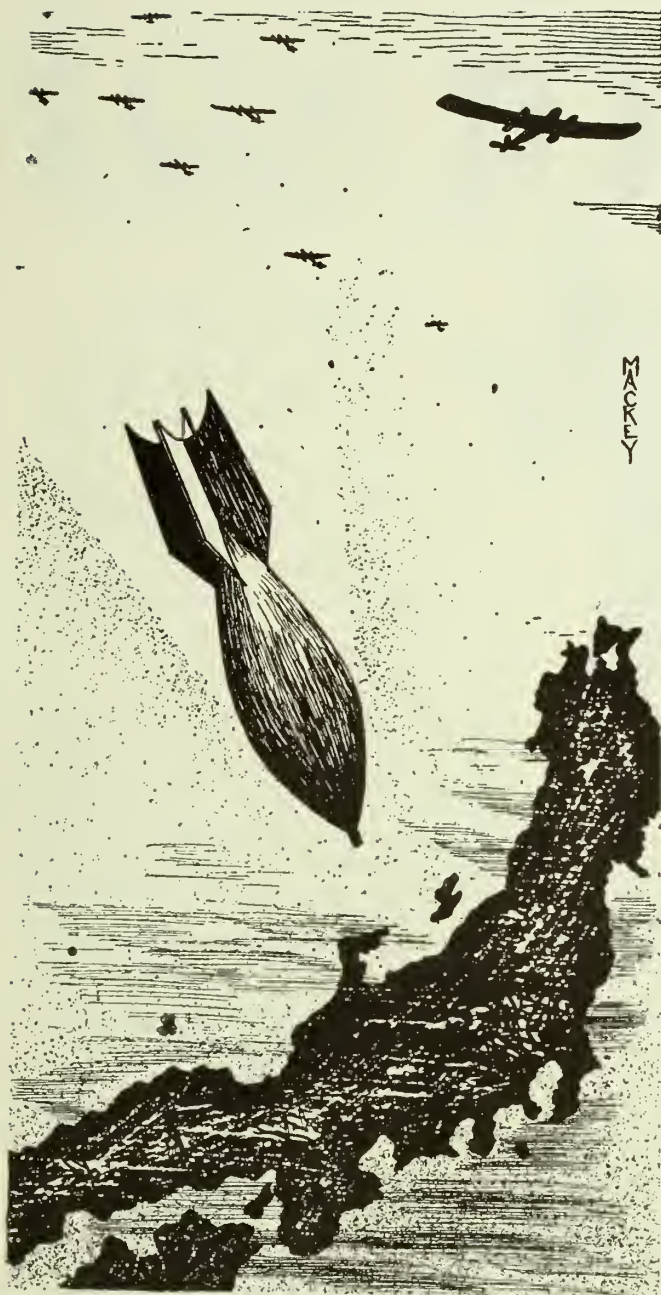
"I'm sure you will—just be patient. Who knows but you will see a bigger war than dad saw? Then dad will be jealous when you come home with more wound stripes than he won. Maybe you will be killed. Then think how your grave will be covered with flowers on Decoration Day and your name will be on a bronze plaque in the Town Hall—and how proud I shall be to be a Gold Star mother!"

But it would be all right with certain Pacifists and certain Pacifist organizations if father said:

"And, son, you will not fight under the dirty old rag of tyranny, the Stars and Stripes, that I fought under."



Mere flag wavers these, you think? Not so. They're "American Legionnaire Vigilantes" to the magazine Fight, in which the cartoon appeared



An American military expert has stated that American airplanes could deluge the cities of Japan with poison gas and explosives which would devastate the country and make the valleys inhabitable for months. Other militarists demand ever increasing appropriations for battleships and airplanes to "defend" the possessions of American imperialism in the Pacific. Congress has just passed the largest naval appropriation bill in our history. Organize opposition to the growing danger of war with Japan!

"No," mother, adds in this instance, "you will be a true red fighting under the red flag of Russia for the cause of the Communist International."

We know that the manhood and womanhood of America as a whole are against war, united in wanting to keep out of war, and against fascism in America. There you have two subjects of widespread appeal utilized by the League Against War and Fascism to make people receptive to the prick of the red needle.

The League's chairman is Dr. Harry F. Ward. He was one of the original directors of the Garland Fund, founded out of the millions inherited by the late Charles Garland. One of the vice chairmen of the League is Earl Browder, chief of the American Communist Party. On the executive committee are Gilbert Green, chief of the Communist Youth League, and Clarence Hathaway, editor of the *Daily Worker*, official organ of the American Communist Party.

The pacific name of the monthly magazine of the League Against War and Fascism is *Fight*. I note an article by Waldo McNutt telling how the Youth Congress is rooted in the bases of the "trades unions, churches, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s and student organizations" including the Epworth League as well as the Young People's Socialist League and the Young Communist League.

Underneath this article, carrying the caption "Mustering Fresh Cannon-Fodder" is a picture of army recruits taking the oath. Thus, we are told, they "stop thinking for themselves" and become the hirelings of American fascism.

Also from *Fight* is this terrifying array of bombing planes. In his caption, reproduced with the picture, the editor talks of poison gas and explosives making the country "inhabitable"

For the main business of *Fight* is not against war, but red propaganda against fascism, which the American system of capitalism—the private ownership of property—is declared to be fastening upon us. Our Army, Navy, National Guard and police forces are all seen as brutal exponents of fascism. The only alternative to save us from approaching fascist dictatorship is declared to be a soviet dictatorship. War and fascism are made one. Pictures of our coast artillery guns firing and of our naval ships are titled

as the waste of more dollars to make us fascist; but there is no waste of rubles when they are spent on the Russian army, which is seen as the true defender of American as well as of Russian peace. Once all nations are under the Communist International of Moscow the problem of the ages will have been solved.

Another contributor to *Fight* is Jessie Wallace Hughan, Secretary of the War Resisters League. This represents the Korean school of pacifists. In 1904 the unarmed Koreans watched as curious spectators the march of the Japanese army columns through Korea, only to be quite surprised to find that the Japanese were not on a holiday tour but had come to stay. Then the Koreans talked rebellion, but too late.

Jessie Wallace Hughan says she recognizes that "capitalism, fascism and war stand together, that the fight is here and now"—these capital P pacifists are much given to the use of that naughty word fight—"and that for many of us it will be a life-and-death struggle." Anyone who owns a house and lot or has a savings bank account is, in the view of the reds, a partisan of war and fascism and will be until our system is overthrown.

But the War Resisters League, says Secretary Hughan, will not altogether accept the League Against War and Fascism until it declares it favors refusing support to all war. Let all its members sign the pledge of the War Resisters "not to support war of any kind, international or civil and to refuse to yield to conscription or to help make or transport war munitions."

The directors of the League Against War and Fascism would be just about as likely to sign that pledge as a hard-boiled old sergeant would be to fire blank cartridges against an attacking enemy. That would be disloyalty to the red flag of revolution. Among themselves communist leaders are frank to say that they are not pacifists. They recognize that government is by force, and that by force alone the Soviet Union was formed and is maintained.

It is an old feud, this between the fascist and Russian dictatorships. Mussolini started as a left wing Socialist, sounding all the conventional jargon against capitalism. He changed sides, or made a side of his own, as the father of fascism. The success of fascism in Italy was partly in answer to communist disorders. Mussolini ceased to speak the speech of Lenin and Stalin and spoke his own.

(Continued on page 41)

A FOOL and

ONCE upon a time I was at a bridge party, and the guy was playing opposite me got to groaning every time I played a card, so I told him he could have my cards, and to put them away, one by one, in whatever place he thought best. Then I went into a corner to get mulled, but my wife had given orders that I wasn't to have more than one highball, so I was out of luck. Just then along came a lady I didn't know.

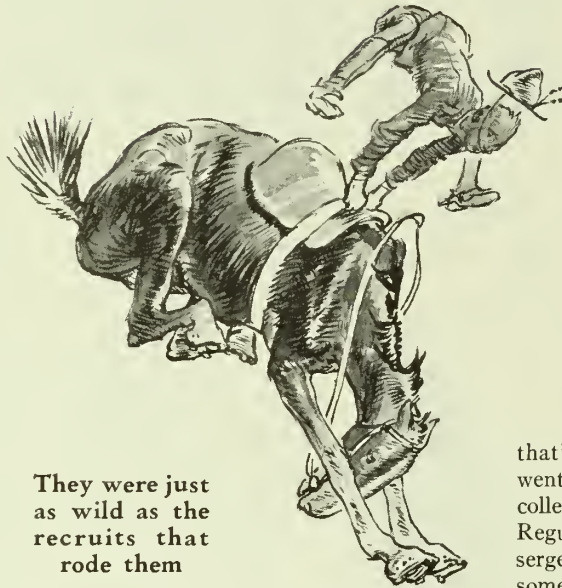
"I don't play bridge either," said she, "and so I'd like to talk to you. I hear you were in the war, and I wonder why you don't come to any of our club meetings. I'm president of the ladies' auxiliary of the 26th Division Club, and I think you ought to come down. Why haven't you?"

"Well, lady, I haven't come down because I was in the Regular Army, and your club is for lads that were in the 26th."

"Well, how is it that you seem to know so much about the war if you were in the Regular Army? I thought nobody did any fighting but the 26th."

"I know, I know. The reason for that is that the Regular Army came from all over the country. Lady, I haven't met but three guys that I knew during the war, and there were almost a thousand men went through my battery from 1917 until the outfit came home from Germany. They haven't any news value. The old regiment is out on the West Coast now, and if I lived there, I'd be fried every night, but being as how I live here, I lead a sober life and never go out."

"My! My!" said the lady. "But don't you ever like to live over old memories? I know you do, because Mrs. Gushington said you had talked about the war with her, and that you were funnier than a goat. Won't you tell me a little about it? Of course I know all about it, because my husband was in the 26th, and



They were just as wild as the recruits that rode them

THE top kick and the other sergeants were out to bust the upstart named Nason who was a nice woolly lamb fresh (that's the right word) from Plattsburg. Here's how you do it, just in case . . .

that's all he talks about, but tell me why you went in the Regular Army. I know you're a college man. There weren't many in the Regulars, were there? I know you were a sergeant, and not an officer, because I heard some of the boys call you sergeant tonight. Do tell me how you happened to be a Regular and a sergeant, too!"

"I would do anything for a lady," said I, "but you do first one thing for me. I'm forbidden a second drink, but they'd give you one. You just ask that guy over there behind the table to give you about an inch of water in the bottom of a tall glass and fill the rest up with rye, and I'll tell you the history of my military life."

"Thanks. Now we'll just take the two sighting shots allowed by regulations, and begin."

THE reason I wasn't an officer was because I got kicked out of Plattsburg, where officers were being made. The reason I enlisted in the Regular Army was because that was the only army there was at the time, and it was imperative that I get in off the street somewhere. The so-called National Army wasn't formed, the National Guard was being federalized and broken up and shuffled around and was in a state of chaos, and voluntary enlistments had ceased anyway. Nobody was going to this war without they got asked, said Washington.

Now over at Fort Ethan Allen, which was across the lake from Plattsburg, they were forming two regiments of cavalry, and the man that had been commandant of cadets at Norwich University was going to be lieutenant colonel of one of them. Maybe they could use a stout lad that knew one end of a horse from the other. So I went over there and applied, and they had to telegraph Washington for permission to enlist me. Meanwhile I sat around on my hinder-end for a couple of days. I got in, though, finally, and got chased over to my outfit.

The 18th Cavalry had just been issued rifles when I reported for duty. The colonel was out, but my old pal the former commandant received me, and broke the news to me that he was going to make me a sergeant.

"It's a little irregular," said he, "to make a man a sergeant the day he enlists, but I think three years at Norwich is certainly the equivalent of a hitch in the Army, so you ought to qualify. I've asked to have you made a sergeant as a personal favor to me; now don't let me

He ran away and took the broom with him



HIS STRIPES

By
*Leonard
H. Nason*

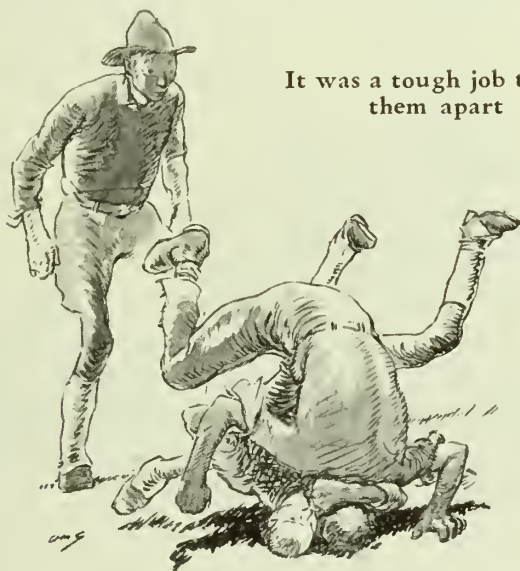


down. The toughest job you're going to have is keeping those stripes!"

Huh, thinks I, simple! So then I went over to the troop. It was just about time for chow, and after I'd reported to the first sergeant, he took me into the mess shack and introduced me to the other sergeants at the sergeants' table. Word had come over, you see, that I was to be a sergeant just as soon as the order could be made out. Huh-huh! Those other hard-boiled old birds certainly gave me the eye! They suspended the sabre-exercise they were going through with their knives and looked at me with horror.

"I told you guys war was hell!" said one of them finally. You see they all had had two and some of them three or four enlistments. A couple of them could have been my father, as far as age went.

"You must be quite a pea cutter to have stripes at your age!" said the gimlet eye I sat down beside. "What outfit are you out of?"



It was a tough job to pry them apart

Well, lady, maybe I shouldn't have said it, but I was scared of these old boys, and embarrassed, and hadn't had time to think, so I just said, "The First."

"Oh, the old First Dragoons. Well, that must be a pretty nice outfit."

Me having no service in, whatsoever, you see, I had to say something quick. Anyway, I'd been in the First Vermont. I didn't tell him I'd been in the First Dragoons, he just thought so. That afternoon my service record came over, with the word "recruit" on it. "Previous service, NONE."

Along about retreat the first sergeant came wandering down to me and said, "Sergeant Nason, you better put up your bunk in Number 8 tent. The sergeants' tent is crowded, a little, and next week we're going to have another sergeants' tent, but until

then, you bunk in Number 8."

"Didn't they like you?" asked the lady.

No, I guess not. You see, there had been a lot of speculation over a period of a week or more who was going to get that sergeancy that was vacant in A Troop, and the old timers had thought that the senior corporal, an old sponge with fifteen years of guardhouse memories behind him, ought to have it. Then in comes this starry-eyed recruit in the tailor-made uniform and grabs off the stripes.

"Don't worry," said the top kick, (so I heard), "he won't last a week!"

He gave me a platoon to command the very next day, because we were going to have a review, and he knew I'd ball everything up and get hell climbed out of me, because while the lieutenant colonel was a pal, we had an old bearcat of a colonel that busted non-coms on the spot, and had 'em cut their stripes off right then and there, while he gloated. Bah. Running a platoon was simple, because I'd been a cadet sergeant at Norwich and knew more about the new cavalry drill regs than the top did. Oh, lady, better for me if I hadn't, because the squadron commander came down the line afterward, and barked, "There was only one platoon in this troop that was brought onto line properly, and that was the third." That was my platoon. When we got back to camp every non-com in the troop hated my intestines to the point of mayhem.

"You done well with that platoon o' yours today!" said one old leather-tail at supper.

"Yeh," said another one out of the side of his mouth, "bright boy!" Then they both executed right stab with a knife of mashed potatoes.

"I think," said the top kick, "that we'll give you Coosby to train. You know anything about wig-wag?"

"Yup," said I.

"Good! Tuhmorrer you begin on Coosby, tuh see if you can teach it to him!"

Now, lady, the visual system of signaling, or wig-wag as it is called, has no use except to take up a soldier's time. It can't be used in the presence of the enemy, because the signaler has to be seen, and if anyone else can see him, so can the enemy. But it's a good exercise to take up time. This outfit I was in had been

He lit out for distance, nearly knocking down two men in the front rank as he broke loose

Illustrations

by

Herbert M. Stoops

going about two months, first as a recruit company, then as A Troop of the 18th Cavalry, and having no rifles they had spent a lot of time on wig-wag signaling, and had made considerable progress with it. All except a certain Private Coosby. The next day I began to teach Coosby wig-wag, and then I found out why he was backward in learning it. He couldn't read or write. I reported this to the top, and told him that it would be a matter of some difficulty to teach a man wig-wag under those conditions, and that the messages he might get would be meaningless anyway.

There I was trying to teach this Cracker to understand wig-wag

"You heard the order!" said the top coldly. "If you can't make it, yuh can always resign!"

So I began to teach Coosby to wig-wag. He was a willing lad, a mild sort of kid, with a sleepy way of talking. He came, he told me, from Jawjuh. Way back up in the ridge. He had come down some river with a raft of logs, and when he got down to the town, he heard tell there was a war on. Coosby knowed all about the war, because his pappy had been with Mosby in the last one. Knowed all about the cavalry, too, because his pappy had been a cavalryman. One of Mosby's men. His pappy was eighty-two years old when Coosby was born, but that was nothin' because his pappy was an old cavalryman and could r'ar and t'ar as good as anyone in that neck o' the pines. We'd gotten that far in the wig-wag lesson when the top appeared, all mad and out of breath.

"Edwards is loose again!" raged the top. "You go get him! There he goes, see? Way across the parade! You take him in your platoon, after this, and when he breaks out, you get him!"

Private Edwards was another star. He was a kid about sixteen, with blue eyes and curly hair, and the tenderest feelings of any man I ever knew. If a non-com spoke to Edwards harshly, he'd throw down his rifle and start for home by the quickest route. Lady, an honest fact. A shout, a snarl, and Edwards was off. A nice kid, too, but he could run like a deer. Orders were out to humor him, because he had the makings of a soldier, but he certainly would not stand for anyone raising their voice. Well, I lit out after Edwards. I had to chase him half way to Colchester, and when I came back, dragging Edwards by the arm, it was too late for any more wig-wag.

Well, lady, now I had Edwards and Coosby to look after, the top got me a couple more hot ones to keep the first two company. We had a couple of Russians, only one was a Galician and the

other a Finn, and they were as amiable as a couple of sledge dogs. At each other's throat all the time. The top moved all these guys into my tent, so I could have them under my influence night and day. These two Russians would sit on opposite sides of the tent and mutter at each other. Then, suddenly, they'd fly at each other with anything they could lay hand on! Lady, it would raise your hair to see it. I'd get 'em pried apart just in time. I asked one of them one day what they said to each other, and he laughed. "Choost a game! Choost a game! I tell him what his wife in the old country is doing while he's in the Army. Then he tell me what my wife is doing. The first one that gets mad, he loses!"

"I didn't know either of you two was married."

"We ain't! We choost say what the wife would do if we had one. Choost a game. That son of a son, Tataru, he couldn't have a wife. He ain't man enough!"

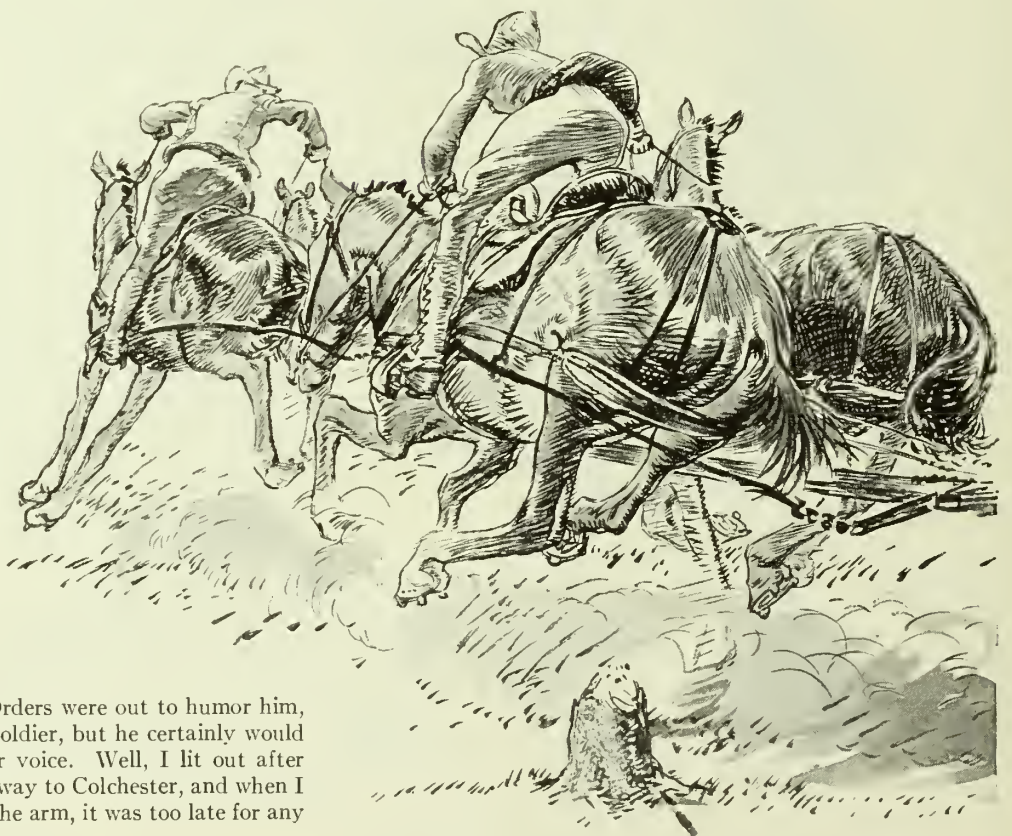
"Dot so!" Clonk! Tataru had come up behind, heard his name spoken out of turn, and crowned his fellow Russian with a tent peg.

The three of us are on the ground, me between the two Russians like the meat in a sandwich, when the top goes by.

"Reason with 'em," he said, "reason with 'em. You been to the collich, you ought to be able to reason with 'em."

Now, lady, in this outfit that I was in we had seven men and a corporal in a tent. The corporal was supposed to get the seven men up for reveille, see that their clothes were always neat and clean, that their rifles were taken care of, and that they didn't go over the hill. The four ranking sergeants each had a platoon, but one of them was away at some army school or other, and as I was the other sergeant in that platoon, I got it to command and be responsible for. We had one poor old captain that was in command of two troops, with no lieutenants whatsoever, and he had so much paper work to do he didn't have time to shave, let alone supervise the instruction of his command, so holding my stripes in that early period of my ignorance wasn't too difficult.

During the morning we drilled. I didn't mind that, because I knew more about it than anyone. They'd just changed the cavalry drill regulations, and the old tail-pounders didn't know



They went like four rabbits, having nothing to pull but two wheels, an axle and a sergeant

them, whereas I'd drilled under them all the past year at Norwich. In the afternoon, I had Coosby and Edwards and my two Russians to teach wig-wag to. Poor Coosby. He tried awful hard, but he never could get anywhere.

"I'm sorry, sergeant," he said one day. "I ain't much good at playin' with them little bittie flags, but wait 'til we get up against them damyanks, you'll be proud of me!"

Edwards got up and ran away just then, but I had trained the Russians to go after him, so they lit out like a couple of dogs after a cat, and I pursued the conversation with Coosby.

"What do you mean, damyanks?" I asked.

"Why, them damyanks we're fightin'. I know all about 'em. My pappy's told me that many a time. The cavalry jest rides 'em down."

"So you think you're fightin' the damyanks, huh? That's your idea! You're just going to raise hell with them when you meet up with a few, huh?"

"I won't miss it!" said Coosby fervently. "They done a powerful amount of harm in Jawjuh."

I started to tell you about these tent squads, lady, and got off on another track, but this brings me back to it. It gets cold in Vermont at night in August, which meant fires in the tents, which meant wood cutting. The sergeants, who lived in one tent together—all but me—had to make their own bunks and take turns policing up and cutting wood for the stove. Me in my tent of all nations, I did nothing but lie on my back. The colonel of the regiment had one orderly, I had seven. There were nine of us, because we had the regular tent corporal, too, so it was a little crowded, but I was just the same as an admiral on a flagship.

We stole a tent floor off F Troop, and one of my Russians, who was a carpenter, made a combination arms-rack, hat-rack, coat-rack, and shoe-rack out of it that was the envy of the troop. Coosby kept the woodbox full with an expert hand. He couldn't read, but he could swing a mean axe. Each one took his turn at sweeping up, except me, because I was a sergeant. Also Edwards. He couldn't abide sweep-



That hard-boiled top sergeant that we had certainly gave me the eye



him sweep he ran away and took the broom with him. This was inconvenient as hell because it was just before inspection and we had to sweep the place out with our hats, and shorthanded, because my Russians were chasing Edwards.

So we decided we wouldn't make Edwards sweep. Gee, lady, he wouldn't do anything, that guy! The

last corporal he had made him clean his rifle before he could eat. Edwards hadn't cleaned the rifle, and had gone for two days without eating, so the corporal had had to back down, and Edwards hadn't cleaned his rifle since. So then they gave him to me to take care of.

"But I don't see why those other sergeants should hate you," said the lady.

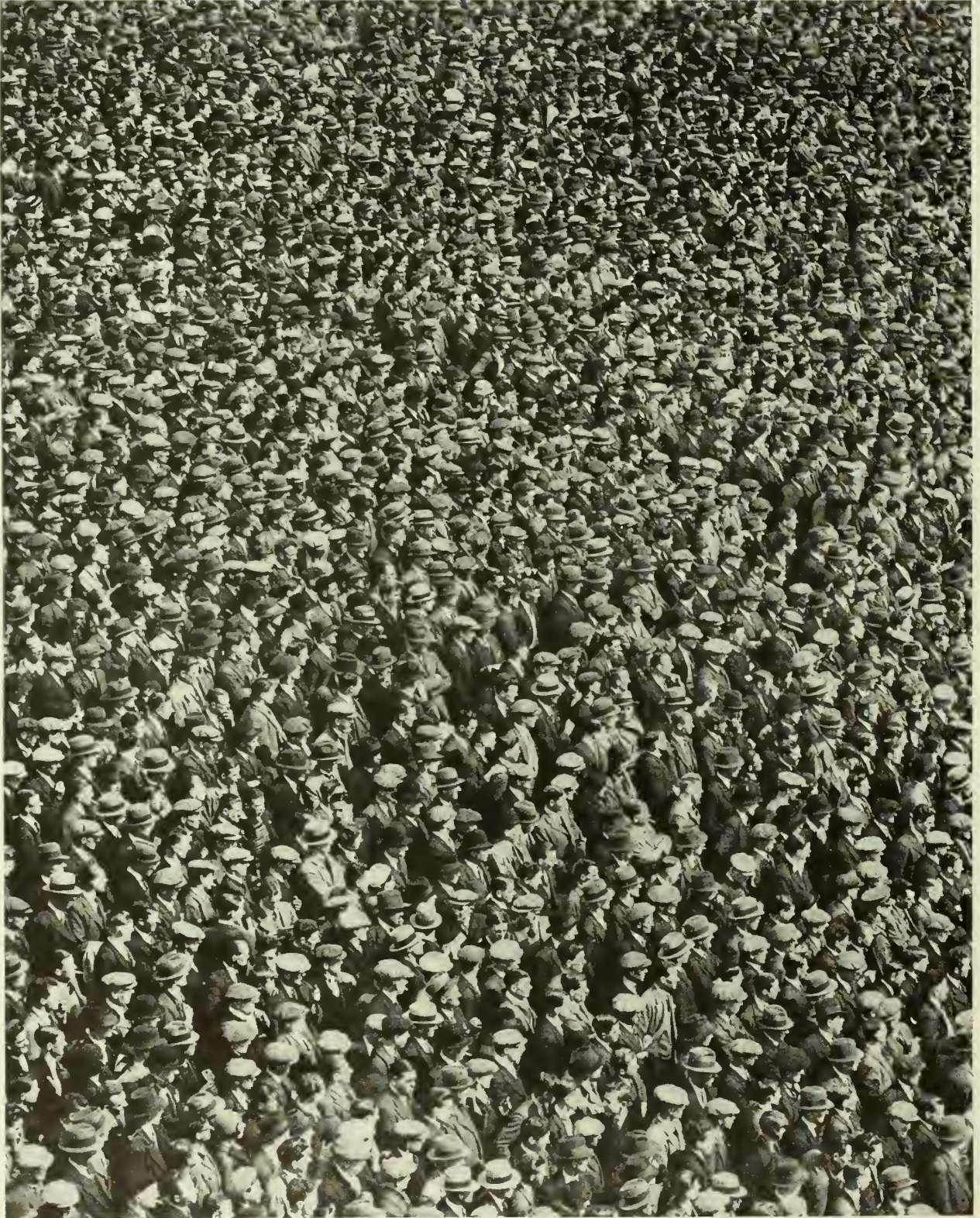
They didn't hate me, lady. I was junior sergeant. So I got all the grief. Somebody had to get it. Then, of course, I was fresh, and I knew too much, and some of the old sergeants thought that offended their dignity. They did get a little sore, when they saw the luxury I was living in and not lifting a hand, while they were policing up the sergeants' tent every day just as though they were privates. Then, of course, when they got a chance, since they all ranked me, you couldn't blame them for giving me a bit of the rough side of their tongue, or a particularly unpleasant detail.

Well, it came on to be September, and Plattsburg was over, and we got a flock of officers. Some were West Pointers just out. Some were graduates from Plattsburg, some were enlisted men that had taken an examination for commission the summer before, and had just been commissioned. With a full quota of officers, things began to move faster. We got our full complement of horses, so that we could go out to drill mounted. Swell, only we didn't have any saddles, only blankets and circingles, and no bridles, just cheap iron bits that broke at the slightest pressure, with web reins. The horses were just as wild as the recruits that rode them.

We got a troop commander that was a hard bird, with a cold gray eye, and a jaw like a vise. Haha! Lady, to show you what a sap I was in those days, the first morning he took over, he assembled the non-coms, and said, "How many of you men have had military experience before?" Yuh know what I nearly said? I nearly spoke up and said, "I was at Plattsburg for six weeks, sir!" A fact. And the other old leather pounders were waiting for a sergeant we called "The Major" to speak up and say that he had seven enlistments in!

Yeh. Came September, and things began to move. We had officers now, and equipment, and we were beginning to look and act like a real outfit. The cantonments for the National Army had been opened and men (Continued on page 56)

CROWDS



Standing, every mother's son of them. They've paid their shilling apiece to see an English cup match in soccer. Playing time, one hour and a half

By John R. Tunis

WE'VE had our hundred-thousand crowds at sports events in this country—for instance, the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia and the Army-Navy football game in Chicago—but in England more customers view a championship soccer football match than pay for a sport spectacle anywhere else in the world. Both the Derby and the Oxford-Cambridge boat race outdraw the football matches, but only because they are free

I HAD listened to the roar that greeted the mighty Ruth in a crucial World Series game when he hoisted a homer into the center field bleachers, I had watched the Yale stands rise in ecstasy as the Bulldog crawled and clawed his way across the Princeton goal, I had heard many crowds in all sorts of sporting events, but never a noise like this. One hundred and twenty-six thousand voices in unison, one hundred and twenty-six thousand pairs of lungs together—an enormous thunderclap, a single tremendous Big Bertha. Bolton had scored a goal.

Then, as it was dying down, the roar burst out again with renewed vigor. "Th' Coop, th' Coop!" the cry boomed forth. The "Coop," the famous Cup, emblem of victory, trophy for which this game was being played, was being brought out from under the stadium and placed in view on the touch-line. A score had been made and tradition demanded its appearance on the field of play forthwith.

So far as sporting history is reliable, this was one of the largest crowds in the annals of athletics—126,047 paying guests assisting at the Cup Tie, the final of the English Cup, the big knock-out competition of the leading professional soccer football clubs of England, in the Imperial Stadium at Wembley, outside London, on April 28, 1923. This soccer league, which corresponds closely to our baseball leagues, starts in October and ends with the Cup Tie in April. That particular game was between two famous teams, the Bolton Wanderers, from Bolton in the Midlands, and West Ham United, a London club.

We think we know something about sporting crowds in the United States. So we do, too. A World Series opener in the Yankee Stadium in New York pulls in 65,000; the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs attracts 70,000 people; a game in the Rose Bowl is seen by 80,000 fans and fanatics. But the plain truth is that when it comes to sports and sporting crowds John Bull takes first place with something to spare. Take it from one who has been there, a Cup Tie, a Derby, a boat race or an international football clash get a gang that make many of our best efforts look like a meeting of

the local philatelic society. Even our 100,000 crowds, as at the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago and the Army-Navy game, also in Chicago, are topped by these English sporting crowds.

Through the kindness of the gentleman who got me into that Cup Tie, here are some interesting statistics of the crowd. They consumed for lunch under the Stadium that cold April day 700 pounds of tea, 50,000 bottles of beer, 35,000 ham rolls, 65,000 sandwiches, and a mile and three-quarters of chocolate bars. Yes, 126,047 were lawfully present. Exactly how many watched the game was never known, because an hour before the kick-off thousands of One-Eyed Connollys (in reality One-Eyed Cholmondeleys) rushed the gates and the attendants, got inside and had a free view of the match. Estimates of the leading sports authorities present gave figures varying from 140,000 to 160,000. Even with 80,000 standing, many thousands of ticket-holders were pushed from their seats. I never saw anything like it, and hope never to again, for many people were seriously injured before and after the match was finished.

Was this the biggest of English paying sports crowds? By no means. For there is a stadium in the British Isles with an even larger capacity, bigger than this Stadium at Wembley. Hampden Park, Glasgow, must have the biggest capacity of any outdoor sports arena in the world. At the England vs. Scotland soccer match in April, 1933, the official paid attendance was 136,250. That record takes some beating in any land.

You may have noticed I called it a *paying* crowd. Certainly it wasn't the largest crowd to watch a sporting event in the British Isles, because they have several free shows over there—why don't we have them in this country?—that are bigger. Fewer than a hundred thousand see our own Kentucky Derby, whereas a million, if estimates can be relied on, watch the English Derby. Of course the Derby in England is a classic. One hundred and fifty-five years old, it is more than a horse race, it's an institution, and although the grandstand on Epsom Downs has been in existence only about fifty years, I defy anyone to see that ugly structure looming through the mists—it always rains on Derby Day—without feeling that here is one of (Continued on page 50)

Waiting in line for a chance to see tennis matches in the famous center court at Wimbledon, England. In addition to the 15,000 who saw the world's top-notchers perform on this occasion, other thousands paid three shillings apiece for the privilege of being inside the grounds, but seeing no championship play. Stools, the sign announces, are sixpence apiece—to sit in line on



GOT *a* HOUSING

By

John Thomas Taylor

*Director, National Legislative Committee,
The American Legion*

YOU can build or buy a house or make improvements on one you already own if you give the United States Government the word. Here's a chance to make your bonus pay dividends that will continue through the years

WITHIN two hours after passage of legislation authorizing payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates in small denomination bonds to be issued as of June 15, 1936, National Commander Ray Murphy joined with the President of the United States in issuing a statement from the White House, where they were then in conference, urging upon all veterans the desirability of judicious investment of the proceeds of their adjusted service pay.

That statement pointed out that the President of the United States, Commander Murphy of The American Legion and the commanders of other veterans organizations which had followed the leadership of the Legion in securing enactment of the law were of one mind in hoping that veterans would not fritter away that which they had worked so hard to obtain, but rather that they would invest it in things of a permanent, beneficial nature for themselves and their families.

Especially included in this category was the building of a new home or improvement of an existing home. On this the statement said:

"Immediate and urgent need for funds offers, of course, a valid reason for cashing the bonds. In the same way paying off of indebtedness is wholly reasonable, just as using the cash for something of permanent value, such as a new home, or the definite improvement of an existing home, would be reasonable."

It is evident from a survey made by The American Legion Monthly that many Legionnaires are of a mind to acquire new homes with their bonuses. Similarly apparent is the fact that many of those who now own homes are going to improve them. In the first classification a study of individual expressions of five percent of the total membership of The American Legion in every State in the Union shows that 28,720 Legionnaires intend to build new homes, 37,140 to buy farms for homes, 27,880 to buy lots for homesites, and 57,880 to purchase homes.

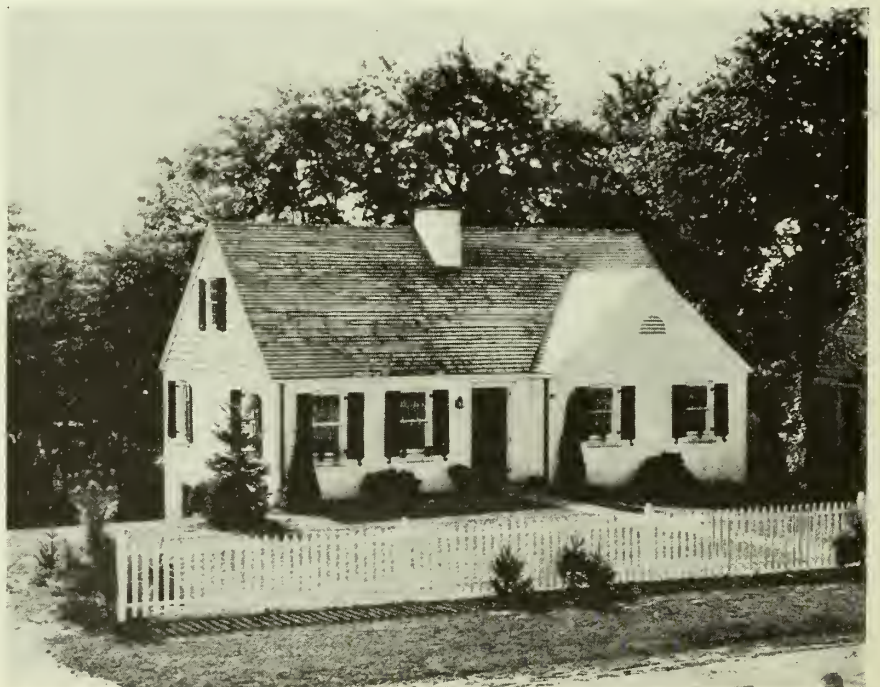
A previous study by The American Legion Monthly had developed the information that 52.2 percent of all Legionnaires own their own homes. Incidentally this figure is considerably higher than the national average of 46.8 as revealed by government statistics. This is not surprising, since the Monthly survey showed 85.5 percent of the members of the Legion to be married, and of these 74.57 percent had an average of 1.68 children each.

Sixty dollars a month, paid just like rent, is sufficient to meet all charges on this \$7,750 home in the East, financed with a Federal Housing Administration \$6,000 mortgage, and to reduce the principal of the mortgage

Among the nearly half million Legion home owners, 163,740 have definitely signified their intention of using all or a part of their adjusted compensation in repairing their homes. An average expenditure of \$222.02 is indicated for this purpose. Another 109,620 will paint their houses, while 53,180 Legionnaire farmers will buy new equipment for their farms.

Legionnaires as a whole will spend 26.7 percent of the more than a half billion dollars to be paid them in bonus bonds, for building or acquiring homes and making home repairs. Another 7.8 percent will be spent for household furnishings and equipment such as electric refrigerators, radios, oil or gas furnaces, and furniture. Clothing for themselves, their wives and their children will take seven percent; payment of old debts, 31.3 percent; investments, including insurance and education, 16.5 percent; automobiles, trucks and automotive accessories, 6.4 percent, and miscellaneous items, some four percent.

The average amount of adjusted compensation to be paid members of The American Legion is \$637.77, while the average for all veterans is \$565.17. Certified public accountants who studied the individual questionnaires as they were returned expressed the opinion that the reason that Legionnaires would receive a larger sum than the average veteran was that fewer Legionnaires had found it necessary to borrow on their Adjusted Service Certificates and that the average Legionnaire had longer war service than other veterans.



PROBLEM?



The FHA requires \$82.50-a-month payments on this California house, which carries an \$8,250 mortgage. The property is appraised at \$10,350

Many well informed economists believe that residential construction and repair work is one of the important vehicles that will be useful to this country in riding to new heights of prosperity. It was on this belief that the Federal Housing Administration came into being under the National Housing Act. In the past six years, of course, building of houses has lagged. It is from this agency of the Government that Legionnaires and all other veterans interested in building a new home or repairing one which they now own may secure substantial assistance in making their bonus bonds accomplish that which might not otherwise be possible.

Considering first those who want to build or buy a new home, it must be recognized that an average bonus of \$637.77 may not of itself be sufficient to purchase or build the kind of house that is wanted. But with the aid of the Federal Housing Administration it may be possible to arrange long-term financing so that by using bonus bonds as the initial payment, veterans will find themselves in position to buy or build a home of their own. Likewise, those who already may have invested in a home and are now carrying a mortgage on it can avail themselves of the benefits of the Act advantageously to refinance the mortgage.

To secure these benefits a veteran should go to a bank, trust

company, building and loan association or other agency approved as a mortgagor by the Federal Housing Administration and lay his plans before an officer of that institution. If the lending agency agrees to make the loan, the veteran may then make application for insurance on the mortgage by the Federal Housing Administration. In seeking loans, which will be insured under the

Housing Act, the veteran must have at least twenty percent of the appraised value of the property or cost of construction in cash, land or their equivalent. Bonus bonds may constitute all or part of this twenty percent.

To secure these benefits available through the FHA it is only necessary that a veteran follow the instructions given in the box on page 69. Upon receiving the application for the loan, the Housing Administration will appraise the property which he proposes to purchase. If it finds the loan justifiable, it will make a commitment to the bank to insure the mortgage when it is completed. If it finds certain items not up to its minimum standards, it may suggest changes which will permit it

to insure the mortgage. If it considers the property unsuitable for insurance, or the income of the applicant insufficient to meet the regular monthly payments on the mortgage, it will turn the application down.

(Continued on page 68)



A railroad employee in the Middle West is paying \$29.51 a month under an FHA mortgage as payment on this \$3,150 bungalow. In fifteen years he'll own the place

In the WAY THEY Should GO

By

Frank E. Morse

*Chairman, Child Welfare Committee,
The American Legion, Department of Minnesota*

Illustration

by Forrest C. Crooks

IT WAS a comfortable farm house. Farm and family were going concerns. The family consisted of man, wife and two children. The children were both about fifteen. The boy was the man's son of a former marriage and the girl the woman's daughter by her first husband, a World War soldier, deceased. The girl was a ward under guardianship, receiving monthly government benefits by reason of her father's death from a service-connected disability.

Nothing wrong with this family except that both children, having finished eighth grade, had decided they didn't want to go to school any more. What is more, they weren't going. The parents were letting them do as they pleased in the matter.

The man reasoning with the parents was the child welfare officer of the American Legion post in the neighboring town. In our State, Minnesota, the Legion, through its child welfare set-up, has a relation to veterans' children under guardianship which is believed not to obtain elsewhere. The girl in this family was his real interest.

"Think what it will mean to them to have a good education," he pleaded. "It will make them happier. It will help them to earn more. It will—"

The father shifted his pipe. "They can go to school if they want to, but we won't make them go if they don't want to." Then, as to the boy: "Why should he go any more if he don't want to? He will have the farm after me, and he and the girl will always get along. Can't they milk cows?"

In the face of this clincher, to which the mother smiled in seeming approval, the post officer could make no progress. Here was a united family, at peace with itself, serene as to the future, its head even taking for granted a closer and permanent relation later between the children. The Minnesota compulsory education law does not extend to children who have finished eighth grade.

The Legion man's call was in the course of a duty accepted by him to make once a year, as may be requested, a friendly checkup—"social survey," if one is precise—of minor wards in his post area. He then reports findings, with recommendations if any, to the chief attorney at the Veterans Administration regional office in Minneapolis. Child welfare officers of all posts in the State, except those in Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth, assume a like obligation as to minor wards in their areas.

Entered into as a volunteered service by the Legion co-operating with regional-office authorities, the plan has been in operation since the spring of 1933. Exception of the three cities is due to the

AS FIRST friend to veterans' children living under guardianship, the Legion in Minnesota sees that these youngsters get a square deal, plus a good many other things that help build toward a useful, happy adult life



difficulty of allocating cases to particular posts in the larger urban centers, and to other unfavorable factors. In those cities, employes of the regional office make all the surveys. Nearly all the wards are children of World War veterans. It may be in order to recall that dependents are sometimes entitled to government benefits when the veteran's death was not due to a service-connected disability. They are so entitled if at the time of his death, as from accidental injury, he was disabled to the extent of thirty percent by a service-connected disability.

Post child welfare officers, equipped with "confidential contact report" forms supplied by the regional office, check on the living conditions of the wards—economic, health, sanitary, moral. They also inquire into whether the guardians are giving them proper care. The latter means whether guardians are spending the money for the sole benefit of the wards and, when possible, are



He practised on that accordion morning, noon and night, and even took it to bed with him

conserving and properly investing for them any unspent part. Such conserving is to give the wards better educational advantages and a start in life.

In his report a post officer may recommend a wiser spending of the monthly benefit, an additional allowance from the reserve in an estate to be spent for a specific purpose, more or better clothing, better provision for sleeping, a physical examination, dental care, more wholesome moral surroundings. He does not act as a government official and has no authority to do other than recommend. No public funds are disbursed in connection with his contacts. His only approach to official status is the privilege of using a franked envelope in mailing survey reports to the regional office.

That office, upon receipt of a report, informs guardian or custodian of any poor conditions cited or any recommendation made. It will try to effect—through the guardian, the court, or local or state welfare agencies—any adjustment it believes desirable. Remedying the condition is its job, not the post officer's. If an extra allowance is recommended, the office will notify the guardian as to whether it has any objection to withdrawal of funds for

the purpose stated. The guardian is governed by the probate court as to withdrawals.

As individuals and not as representatives of the Veterans Administration, the post officers often, however, effect adjustments by personal attention or enlisting local agencies without reporting the need higher. That comes from being right on the ground. They are not limited to seeing a child once a year, and then only for a short time, as would be a field examiner working out from the regional office. Instead, they may go to the house as often as needful. They see the wards in the street, in stores, theaters, churches. They talk with their teachers in the school. Their own children play with them.

In making requested surveys they have a friend-of-the-family attitude. Their calls are in the neighborly spirit. They "big brother" the wards as may seem fitting.

A very large number of the reports state that the wards are being well cared for, are in good homes, present no problem of any kind and call for no recommendation. One such report, made after a visit to a home where there were four child wards, living with their widowed mother, had this typical

comment: "House always clean. Children are well dressed and clean. The children help their mother with work about the home. I would say this is a fine family."

In such cases of everything-all-right, the periodical checkup is by no means a waste of time. Post officers find that the families like the assurance that the Legion is interested in them. It suggests continuance of a bond of comradeship even after death, is expression of a functioning devotion to helpfulness. Besides, a child not needing attention in one year may need it the next.

The post officer who made the foregoing "fine family" report found a development within the next year that gave concern to the mother and himself. One of the children, a girl in grammar school, had taken to loitering in certain store entrances, ostensibly to look at magazines, but in fact to attract sundry boys. It came to the Legionnaire that she and a girl friend, older, had been seen in a beer place talking to boys who were at the counter drinking. New interests and better girl associates seemed the need in this case. It was scarcely one for the regional office. The local Girl Scout troop was being considered as offering a possible solution.

Issues affecting the children may be important even when not serious. Here are a few of the not serious but important kind which Legion "surveyors" have discovered and helped adjust.

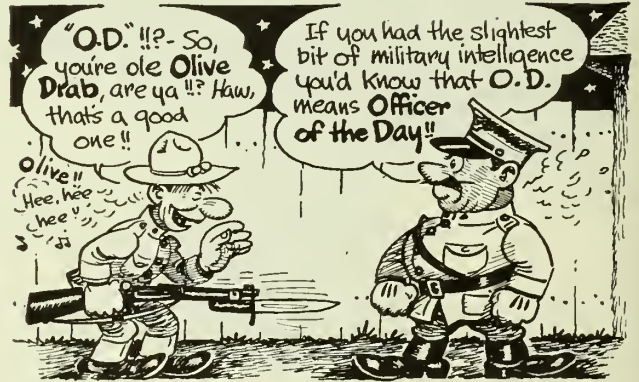
A girl about to finish high school was worrying over her graduation outfit. The post officer recommended to the regional office that the guardian be permitted to withdraw, from the amount on reserve in the estate, funds enough to meet the emergency. It was done. Her younger sister, soon to be graduated, will probably rate a like recommendation.

In another town a girl ward was suffering from a sense of inferiority because she had no spending money; it put her at a disadvantage among classmates at school. The post officer recommended that the guardian make her a (Continued on page 54)

HOOSEGOW HERMAN

He Perpetrates Another Horror of War

By Wallgren



THIS IS THE LEGION

FOLLOWING is a series of telegraphic reports to the *Monthly* from Legion department officials in the flood area which reached this office while relief work was at its height, before the waters had subsided, and when Legion posts in numberless communities were too busy to report or were so thoroughly isolated that no communications from them had yet reached their Department Headquarters. These reports, dramatic in their very incompleteness and fragmentariness, are herewith presented without added comment in the belief that they constitute in themselves the finest editorial this magazine has ever printed:

MAINE: No mail here for nearly a week and publicity on local matters very inadequate. Many Maine posts have been prepared for such emergency for some time. Definite news of Legion activity has reached here regarding posts in Portland, Woodfords, South Portland and Westbrook which offered all types of service and collected supplies. Further definite data records activities of posts in Biddeford-Saco, Lewiston, Auburn, Rumford, Skowhegan, Waterville, Old Town and Gardiner. Department Child Welfare Committee raising and distributing funds for communities seriously handicapped. On Saturday Legionnaires carried twenty truckloads of clothing, food and drinking water into Biddeford-Saco. Owen Post, Saco, sheltered fifty women and children and fed three hundred persons. Staples Post, Old Orchard Beach, cared for Saco victims in town hall in co-operation with Red Cross.—JAMES L. BOYLE, *Department Adjutant*.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: When it became evident Wednesday afternoon that State was about to witness worst flood in its history, all posts this Department were ordered to mobilize at once in stricken areas. Order sent out by radio, telegraph, telephone. Within hour nearly every post was in action working with Red Cross, and in many places where there were no Red Cross chapters took complete charge. Base hospitals with nurses, doctors and Auxiliary members on duty night and day established. Estimated at this time nearly two thousand flood victims being fed and housed in New Hampshire Legion homes. Legionnaires doing police duty in twelve-hour shifts with state forces. Government has designated Legion posts as repositories for clothing, bedding and house furnishings which will be turned over to Red Cross. Short wave radio station operated by Jutras Post, Manchester, did excellent service.—FRANK N. SAWYER, *Department Adjutant*.

VERMONT: Reports to this office indicate fifteen hundred Legionnaires and Auxiliary members organized for duty in stricken areas. Towns and cities affected this State include communities where thirty posts are located. Offers of assistance being received from posts not in flood area to send men anywhere for rehabilitation work.—LESLIE E. WILSON, *Department Adjutant*.

MASSACHUSETTS: Three hundred posts co-operating in raising funds to be used for relief. Truckloads of supplies, blankets, food, flashlights, bedding and boats sent to stricken area by posts. Over \$5000 has been dispatched from Department Headquarters to posts within affected areas. Full contributions by posts will not be known for some time but will probably total \$100,000. Legionnaires were mobilized by radio from Department Headquarters four days before flood struck and every district commander instructed to organize his local district. Legion was first in field, and in fact was only organization properly prepared in advance to handle situation. Legionnaire Matthew P. Scullin of American Oil Products Company, State Distinguished Guests Chairman, has just sent in his personal check for \$1000.—HAROLD P. REDDEN, *Department Adjutant*.

CONNECTICUT: Trouble came Thursday morning in Hartford. Legion first at work. Boat crews covered unprotected areas. Legionnaires helped raise old dike which gave way at ten that night. Legion crew caught on dike but fought way back to mainland, saving boats. Auxiliary called for outside unit contributions at noon Thursday and had filled two rooms with supplies by nightfall when it opened kitchen and dining room with dormitory for first sixty homeless while other agencies sought sites. A hundred more refugees spent night in Legion home and over three hundred, including workers, were fed hot food first night. Over fifty Legion posts and as many Auxiliary units supplied cooked food, clothing, staple foods, milk to homes. Legion furnished only boat crews in first twenty-four hours. Wethersfield Post helped build dike keeping only road open and Auxiliary unit provided food and shelter. Legionnaires in Windsor did same and then sent men to Hartford. Lower valley and eastern side of Connecticut River still isolated so unable to give details. Total Legion and Auxiliary workers eight hundred to thousand. Hartford Legion operated twelve boat stations two days before police and Coast Guard took over entire front of five miles.—WILLIAM C. MURRAY, *Department Adjutant*.

RHODE ISLAND: This State suffered but slight flood damage. Legion and Auxiliary members here are extending all possible financial assistance to other States by donations to relief funds.—WILLIAM BEEHLER, *Department Commander*.

NEW YORK: Members of Binghamton Post, with experience of last summer's flood behind them, reported to clubhouse for assignments when danger threatened. Rescue committee commandeered all available boats and by Saturday night had all stranded persons out of flood areas. Board of Education turned two schools over to Legion to be prepared for sheltering distressed. Detail of seventy-six Legionnaires fed and clothed 700 refugees in single area of city. Sons of Legion did fine work as messengers and Boy Scout Troop sponsored by post did sterling service. Other posts this Department contributing funds and collecting clothing. Long Island Grotto Post, Brooklyn, contributed \$200; Metropolitan Post, employees of Metropolitan Life Insurance

Company, \$250. Story Post of Freeport has empowered commander to devote entire post treasury to flood-stricken if necessary. Posts along Connecticut border standing by for service in Connecticut with 150 men, twelve nurses, twenty first-aid men and five motor boats. Moriches Post, Long Island, is offering its ambulance. Fort Cralo Post of Rensselaer sheltered fifty people and fed over two hundred in clubhouse, employing three chefs to work day and night.—MAURICE STEMBER, *Department Adjutant*.

NEW JERSEY: Damage not so severe here as other States. Emergency corps of Trenton Post assisted in removal of families and furniture. All posts and units are assisting in Red Cross drive for funds.—ROLAND F. COWAN, *Department Adjutant*.

PENNSYLVANIA: Upon notification of flood conditions Department Headquarters wired posts in stricken areas to mobilize and render such service as needed. More than 325 posts aggregating between twenty and thirty thousand members in stricken areas rendered heroic work rescuing victims, setting up emergency hospitals in post headquarters, feeding and clothing homeless. American Legion was first agency to step in in all these towns. Balance of State not affected immediately. Mobilized Legionnaires here are gathering food and clothing for transmission to affected regions. Department Headquarters became a clearing house and directed movement of hundreds of truckloads of foodstuffs and clothing to every town affected.—EDWARD A. LINSKY, *Department Adjutant*.

MARYLAND: Legion relief units were immediately in field performing medical, rescue, supply, transportation and patrol duty, including Francis Scott Key Post at Point of Rocks, Fort Cumberland Post at Cumberland, Harrison Post at Hancock, Frock at Williamsport. All these posts were called out immediately by the Red Cross and carried field equipment including field kitchens, cots, bedding, medical supplies. By evening everyone in distress was housed and furnished food and a patrol squad was immediately put in field to assist National Guard. Legion will continue active when flood subsides to help rehabilitate refugees. Fort George G. Meade Post, all of its members in United States Army, were on duty with Third Army Corps but sent a \$25 check for relief. All posts and units in State have orders to stand by and are ready to move at short notice and all are soliciting funds to be turned over to the Red Cross.—LEWIS WILLIAMS, *Chairman, Disaster Relief Committee*.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Legionnaires assisted in moving flood victims to safety. Department Commander Malloy offered services of five thousand D. of C. Legionnaires to Police Department and district commissioners for duty. All thirty-two posts in the district, totaling six thousand members, are co-operating with Red Cross in raising funds.—THOMAS MASON, JR., *Department Adjutant*.

VIRGINIA: Legion and Auxiliary units Buena Vista, Scottsville, Strasburg, Waynesboro, Harrisonburg and Lynchburg, which were main scenes of damage, are on job but little data has come through. Richmond prepared to mobilize its one thousand Legionnaires and services offered to Legionnaire Colonel John A. Cutchins, Richmond Director Public Safety.—W. GLENN ELLIOTT, *Department Adjutant*.

WEST VIRGINIA: Annual mid-year conference of Legion postponed to permit posts to engage in flood relief. Clarksburg Post sent \$100 to Wheeling area, and like sum to eastern Panhandle. Ronceverte, South Charleston, Charleston gave cash donations and all posts and units in Ohio valley actively on job provided cash, clothes, soup kitchens, refugee removal, patrols. Pennsylvania sent clothing and cash to Wheeling area. Colonel Shingleton and other members State Police Post in thick of relief work. Legionnaire Governor Kump on scene. Huntington Legionnaires in thick of relief work. Papers and local radio stations giving Legion fine recognition.—EDWARD MCGRAH, *Department Adjutant*.

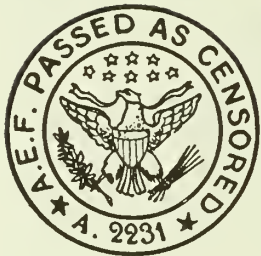
OHIO: Department Commander Campbell, bedridden in Cincinnati hospital, ordered every Ohio American Legion emergency relief unit into action. Elyria Post sent cash, truckload of milk and bread. Brakeman-King Post, Painesville, sent three trucks of necessities Saturday, two more Sunday. Dayton Post and Montgomery County Voiture 40 & 8 hauled their box car to public square where within short time they loaded two trucks with dresses, cots, foodstuffs and 500 pairs of new shoes plus \$300 in cash. Contributions received by Department Headquarters at four o'clock Monday afternoon included cash gifts from \$1 up, which now total, in addition to those already listed, over \$500. Department Auxiliary will add \$100. Newcomerstown Post sent \$25 to Red Cross at Wheeling. Scores of posts sent food, clothing. Lucas County Council sent carload of lime.—JOSEPH S. DEUTSCHLE, *Editor, Ohio Legion News*.

INDIANA: Emergency units are preparing to render any necessary assistance along Ohio River in southern Indiana. Lawrenceburg Post canceled party, to hold special meeting preparatory to establishing levee patrol. Department co-operating with Red Cross in drive for funds. State Radio Committee is putting in spot announcements on American Legion time regarding drive for funds and posts in districts are contributing from their own funds.—WILLIAM E. SAYER, JR., *Department Adjutant*.

MINNESOTA: With well organized emergency set-up, Minnesota is ready for emergency work if conditions become acute. Auxiliary standing by ready to cook for and feed sufferers if services are needed.—C. A. ZWIENER, *Department Adjutant*.

In its next issue The American Legion Monthly will publish a comprehensive account of the work performed by The American Legion during the spring flood crisis.

SOLDIERS'



Postal-Express Service of the A. E. F. has been occasion for sarcastic comment on that choice of symbol.

Now I am the first to concede that speed was not, because it could not be, the outstanding characteristic of mail delivery abroad. Perhaps a St. Bernard, because of the enduring patience and other dependable qualities of that breed, would better have served to typify war mail service.

In any event, on the many occasions when I have addressed Legionnaires on the wartime postal service, always when I have finished a barrage of queries is hurled at my head from the audience, each demanding an explanation why some particular letter or package was delayed or lost—in the phraseology of the service, rubber-stamped "Whereabouts Unknown."

Of course in the chaos and movement of war, letters and packages went astray or were "lost," hundreds of thousands of them. Even in peace considerable mail ends up in the dead-letter office, and that, remember, under stable conditions as compared to two million highly mobile addresses on a grand tour of France, as individuals, in small units, in great mass movements, with trails crisscrossing all over England, south to Italy and even extending to the bleak Russian coast at Murmansk.

The A. E. F. was a writing no less than a fighting army. Someone other than myself may quote the figures to prove high illiteracy among our troops. In volume the literates more than made up for the shortcomings of the illiterates. Because the Army was composed entirely of adults, the A. E. F. to all intents represented one hundred percent mail users. In a normal mail area in peace, because of minors and other persons who rarely if ever patronize the mails, postal authorities estimate that only two out of every five residents are mail users, otherwise forty percent of the population. Thus, for postal purposes, the A. E. F. can be considered as five million strong.

Conduct of the overseas postal service in the World War was divided into two phases. From the day the first United States troops set foot on foreign soil until June 1, 1918, the Army's postal service was under the complete authority of the Post Office Department. On the latter date Colonel Thorndyke D. Howe, a wholesale leather merchant of Boston and a highly able executive despite his lack of postal experience, assumed responsibility for all incoming mail on behalf of the military. Civilian postal authorities, however, retained responsibility for all outgoing mail after military censorship of contents. That arrangement continued until the disbanding of the A. E. F., and that plan remains the model for



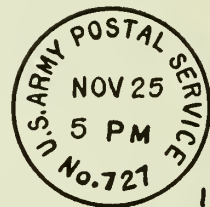
1919



THE fleetest of the canine family was the shoulder insignia of the Army Postal Service overseas—against a rectangular field of blue, a white silhouette of a greyhound coursing at full throttle. In the years which have passed since the Armistice any reference among veterans that I did my particular bit with the

military postal organization when and if the war drums should ever roll again.

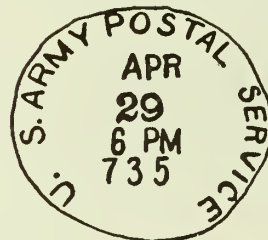
At the peak 4104 officers and men were required to handle mail delivery through 140 army post offices and aboard eighteen trains equipped for railway mail service, supplemented by Motor Dispatch Service units to bridge gaps in railroad facilities. Of course that figure does not include thousands of mail orderlies down to company units over which the postal organization had no direct authority. Such orderlies, as might be expected, ranged from conscientious, efficient types to the lax and lazy. Just why company buglers invariably were selected as mail orderlies it was difficult for us to understand, for certainly musical talent alone was a poor standard by which to measure ability for the painstaking task of supplying correct forwarding addresses when the addressee no longer was with a given unit. Civilian postal workers abroad, wearing army uniforms without insignia and distinguished by an arm brassard, numbered between three hundred and four hundred.



1918



It was as a civilian member of the Post Office Department that I went to France, sailing on July 29, 1917. When I reported in Paris on August 15th, the A. E. F. numbered only 15,000 troops. Three Post Office Department men had preceded me by two months as a civilian commission to lay foundations for an overseas postal service, and already five A. P. O.'s had been established—at St. Nazaire, Paris, Gondrecourt, Valdahon and Bordeaux. One of the important duties assigned me before departure was to investigate complaints piling up at home. In the phraseology of today the heat was on in the States, and Washington echoed with stories of delays and failure that indicated a complete breakdown in the service. My investigations revealed only one thing wrong—and that was not with the service. It was a normal and natural human emotion compounded of impatience and war anxiety by loved ones awaiting replies to letters mailed.



Before we entered the World War such correspondence as lay within the experience of most complainants involved exchanges of letters with relatives and friends generally within a few days' post. To such, a week or a fortnight seemed an eternity to await answers. They did not

understand, nor can they be blamed for not comprehending, conditions as they existed—shortage of transport, inadequate harbor facilities in France, foreign railroad systems not far from complete collapse, plus a necessary shake-down period before the postal service could be efficiently organized. Indeed, in the six-weeks' interval between the arrival of the American Army vanguard and my own departure from the States there was barely time for a first exchange of letters between a first arrival and his loved ones at home. That time-lag, as unavoidable as it was logical under war conditions, was the basis of perhaps the most common criticism of the service.

My investigations without exception revealed mail contacts then well established. Moreover, my detailed records illuminate the intensity of correspondence, once the flow started, in both

MAIL

BY
WILLIAM A. KENYON

*Late Chief Inspector, A. E. F. Postal Service,
and Chief, Postal-Express Service,
Army of Occupation*

directions. Among the soldiers reported as mailless at the time I left Hoboken—my investigation was completed a few weeks later—one acknowledges fifty letters and six packages, another nineteen letters, another fifteen letters and two packages, another twenty-four letters, another fourteen letters and a package of tobacco. All advised me that they had answered every letter received.

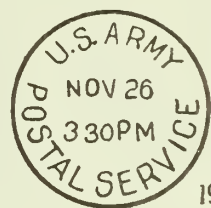
Three weeks was the average time required for delivery of mail from home into the eager hands of the addressee—one way only, remember, and like all averages that time-figure represented two extremes. A missive blessed by close connections at every point of transfer might be read by the recipient in two weeks, or even less. The letter frowned on by fate might be in transit a month or more before some anxious soldier shouted an hysterical "Yo!" in answer to the mail orderly's call.

Generally army mail was shipped from the United States on only one day a week—Friday. Whatever the point of origin, all mail was concentrated in New York City for shipment to France. Letters arriving in New York on Saturday obviously were fated to lie stymied in a mail sack for six days before starting overseas. Until men familiar with the overseas postal organization could be trained and sent back to supervise sorting in the States, such early sorting as was done often resulted in delays. Army mail

eight boxcars to serve as mail cars.

Necessarily, military movements were shrouded in secrecy. When, as frequently happened, eight or ten Divisions moved overnight, the postal problem attending may be compared to the sudden shift of a quarter of a million mail users with eight or ten new addresses involved according to the size of the divisional unit. Often divisional infantry moved without its own artillery or other divisional units. In the exigencies of transport, units always were being broken up. Due to specialization of instruction, artillery and other special units in training invariably were separated from infantry. Therein the same divisional address might involve two or more A. P. O. addresses separated by the breadth of France.

The Division leaving the first lines came out of battle with its mail list abbreviated by death, wounds and missing. The missing soldier might be dead—one of the truly "unknowns"—he might be a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Whatever the fate of the



Long after it was over over there for most of the A.E.F. its postal service was still in operation. Here's the post office at Brest saying fini, on December 1, 1919



traveled usually in our own transports. Under the convoy system the speed of the entire formation necessarily was limited to

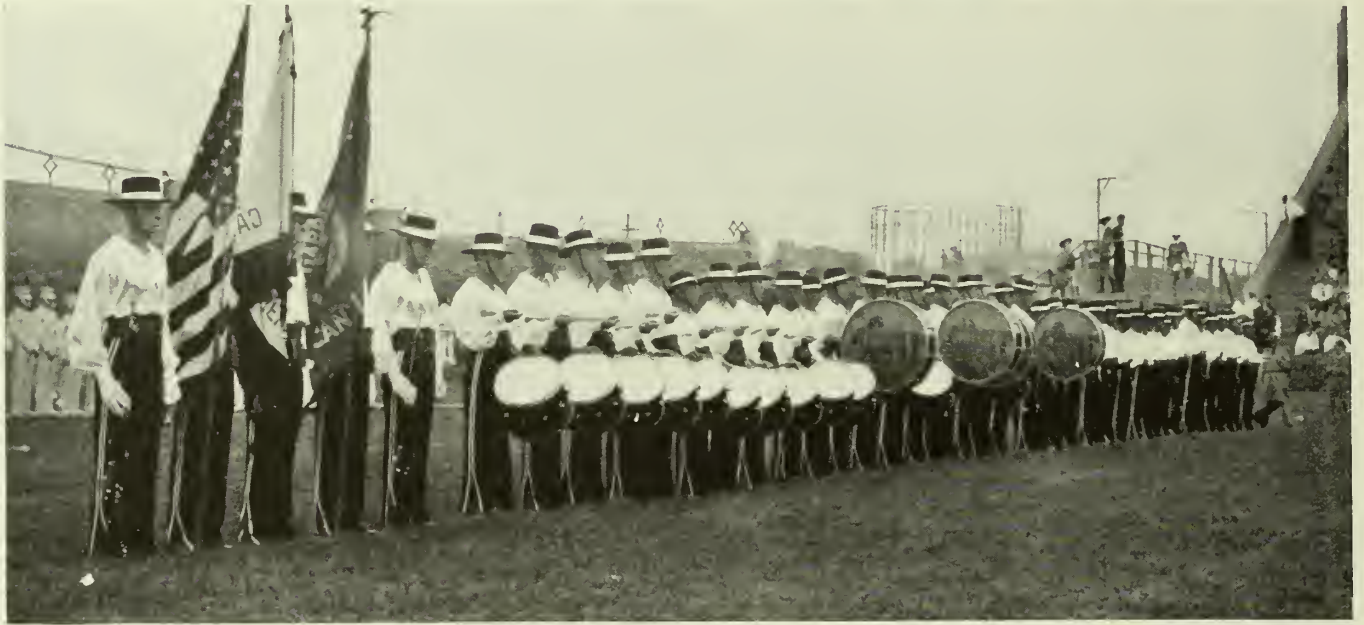
that of the slowest tub in the fleet. A ten-day crossing was considered good time under war conditions. Once it arrived at one of the three designated mail ports—Brest, St. Nazaire or Bordeaux—military mailmen worked tirelessly to speed the mail on its way. On eighteen of the twenty-four railroad lines in France where our mail coaches were part of the trains, we organized sorting systems, in some cases converting the familiar forty-and-

soldier, his absence represented a mail problem because the flow of mail for him generally continued unabated.

Sick and casualties from units not engaged in action constituted mail problems no less onerous than letters for battle casualties. But the greatest collective headache of the postal service was the replacement Divisions. Five or six such Divisions were fated to function as depots for refilling depleted ranks wherever needed. The Forty-first Division, arriving overseas in the early winter of '17-'18, sent exactly 205,668 men through its constantly shifting units—normally more than ten war-strength Divisions. The Eighty-third Division handled 193,221 men.

Soldiers sailed for France assigned to specific units of the replacement Divisions. Naturally they supplied their correspondents with those unit addresses. Ofttimes the soldier would be at the depot only a day or two before he was included in a draft of five hundred or one thousand men to (Continued on page 48)

BLOW, BUGLE,



THE powerful floodlights of Walsh Stadium in St. Louis have turned the dark, murky night into day; the heavy atmosphere is oppressively laden with threatened rain; the beautiful green, smooth carpet of closely cropped grass is rolled to the smoothness of a billiard table. There is an electrified tenseness in the air—the excited murmur of 45,000 voices has its own peculiar crescendo—all is seriousness. Tonight it is the same murmur that resounded to the heavens in the days of ancient gladiatorial combat—only now the gladiators are Legionnaires fighting a battle of massed supremacy.

The judges assume their places on the contest field. On the far northern side in single line formation one of the Legion's greatest and most colorful corps is awaiting the signal to start. A hand is raised—bugles flash in the diffused lights of the arcs—the first notes of the fanfare resound through the stadium . . . The Moment is at hand! . . . The contest is on! The murmur is stilled—the stadium is silent, then comes the confident staccato of Elyria's drums and a whip-like crack of the starter's gun, which tells the world that the Legion's greatest show is under way. There is a silent prayer in each contestant's heart that he may carry on for fifteen minutes without error. The finals have narrowed down to the Legion's twelve select corps. One misstep, one false note, one dropped stick, one error, no matter how slight, means the loss of the competition. These are champions tonight . . . champions of counties, districts, States, and even areas. Some are even champions of The American Legion. There is a sincere hope that the threatened rain will hold up for just a while longer.

The story tonight will be told visibly as each corps presents its contribution to the show, for at the far end of the field is a specially constructed scoreboard which tells the story that will mark the final culmination of a year's work. Gathered on this field tonight, fighting desperately to achieve the greatest honor, are men who in everyday life make up our country's better citizens; men whose walks of life are widely divergent. Side by side are doctors, elevator operators, lawyers, street car motormen, in fact every type of human endeavor is represented here. Captains, majors, colonels of war-time days have shed their bars, leaves, and eagles to take equal rank with one-time privates who perhaps now wear the coveted chevrons of corps officership. Tonight, this is a battle of wits, strength, endurance, intelligence.

SAN Gabriel (California) Post's drum corps, acclaimed national champion at the St. Louis Convention last fall, will defend its title at the Cleveland National Convention, September 21st to 24th, against the most brilliant array of Legion drum corps ever seen in the Legion's history

Here are men who have devoted no less than two to four nights a week during the entire year to help the Legion put on its greatest show and to bring honor to their own post, community, section, State. These are the Legionnaires that are imbued with the real spirit and precepts of the Legion; men who strive to carry on the ideals prescribed by the Legion; men who have foregone their usual hobbies for that of the corps. These are the men who are playing bugles and beating drums—who have no musical background other than their inherited rhythmical instinct, and who today represent units of the world's greatest marching, drilling, and playing organization. We see them now trained to a hair—their nerves are taut or relaxed, depending upon their own physical and mental makeup.

In the morning and afternoon fifty-four corps went through the competitive paces for the chance to present their show. Practically every organization that appeared had at some time or other held a State Championship. And these finalists represent the finest musical units that the world has ever seen; they know the meaning of tension; they know the meaning of nerve strain—these men who fought for their country in '17 and '18 . . . and now, with taut nerves, await the signal for their first step-off.

The entire day's competition, most capably handled by the Legion's National Contests Supervisory Committee (directed by Matty Bain and affiliated with Chairman Tom Coleman in St. Louis, and his efficient committee) presented a show for the Legion that is a perfect example of an efficiently run competition. Each corps that came through the famous northeast gate was

BLOW!

By
Sam C. Rowland

met by an aide who assisted in forming the corps in single file and led them to a thick, canvased carpet. Each corps was given right face and a detail of thirty to forty Scouts cleaned, shined puttees, shoes, and boots. From the moment the corps stepped upon the carpet they remained in clean and immaculate surroundings until the time for inspection. After shoes had been shined, the men walked before a small army of whisk broom wielders, polishers, tailors, and others who assisted in the policing of the corps. They were made to feel that this year's inspection would be their most severe. As they progressed, the tension grew and their own men gave hasty yet careful last-minute checks on ties, tunics, belts, and hands. So efficient was the committee's preparation for inspection that it has been said, if a man wanted a shave they could probably have produced a barber at a moment's notice.

After the corps passed the police detail, they ascended a cat-walk, placed above the Stadium entrance. They were definitely on their own, for at this point they dropped their own police or clean-up detail. As the men passed over the cat-walk, they

of boards to insure complete elimination of dust. They assumed the well known position of "the corps in the hole." Standing before them was another group of men, probably from the opposite end of the country—men whom they must beat, but men just exactly like themselves, trained and qualified to seek the final honor. This was the corps "on deck," and this was the corps that was receiving the inspection. Standing before that corps was the third organization on the starting line, "at bat"—ready to kick off to the tune of honor or disappointment.

Before the inspection, the local committee again offered an opportunity for a final check-up. Here they were supplied with drinking water and even nail files, and they were made to realize then that clean fingernails and military haircuts were the order of the day, as many went down on those counts. Their guide stood at the far corner of the field with the name of their organization made into a wooden sign of large golden letters. His ultimate destination was the score board at the far end of the field where this name was to be placed and within a few moments the score recorded.

In all of the corps and their years of previous experience, the inspecting officers still found opportunities to demerit on things that were never before considered . . . It was the Legion's most severe and minute inspection. Even the cut of collars and shirts and the uniformity of ties was considered. As the inspecting officer slowly passed before each man who was standing rigidly at attention, he saw in his face and eyes the mental condition that can exist only after a year's hard training. Some were on the point of collapse—some were visibly shaking, and others as cool, as calm, and as collected as a well seasoned champion of the ring.

The corps that were "in the hole" and "on deck" for inspection, now moved up the line. A signal from the judges—a flourish of the bugles—an exquisite fanfare—a roll of the drums, and they were off. That ceremony was repeated fifty-four times during the day.

Because of the terrific nerve tension that comes to the individuals of each corps in competition one would naturally and rightfully assume that these men can be credited with more than just the usual amount of horse-play and camaraderie during the convention. These *are not* the fellows that maliciously dump grocery sacks of water from hotel rooms—trying to dislocate the shoulders of innocent women passing below—but, these same men might decide to build a bonfire in the middle of street car tracks or commandeer a street car that is trying to crash through a crap-game. They have their fun where they find it, but it is harmless and it relaxes them. Their anecdotes must live in their memories and, no doubt, their united experiences help to bind them together in a stronger and more sincere comradeship.

These are the fellows who, to get to conventions, run fund-raising campaigns that are a remarkable compliment to invention. In addition to their many rehearsals, they will strive, slave, and fight to put over ideas that will assist in adding the few necessary dollars to the coffers of the corps treasury. They even drive their own cars to conventions to cut expenses; or come in buses, some of which are rented and some they own. And only a corps that owns an old, broken down, second-hand bus can fully appreciate the pleasure in arriving at a competition. Like Germantown for instance. While (Continued on page 62)



Walsh Stadium in St. Louis during the 1935 national convention drum corps contest. This year 100,000 will have a chance to see the night contest in the Municipal Stadium at Cleveland

could sense the tenseness on the entire field and in the crowd . . . they were going down into battle . . . a battle that would result in disappointment, losses, heartbreaks—or honor, glory, fame, national acclaim. This was the "zero hour." As they passed over the cat-walk and down the steps, they remained on a walk



FACES *to the* SUN

WITH sun baths and bunk fatigue, with fresh air and good food, the summer camp of Curtis G. Redden Post of Danville, Illinois, has brought strong bodies and happy minds to scores of undernourished children

THE warm sunshine of May is the prelude to another summer in Danville, Illinois, and Curtis G. Redden Post of The American Legion is now preparing to open in that summer for the third successive season its Sunshine Health Camp, where 160 boys and girls have already found vigor and strength. In 1934 and 1935 they went to that camp, underweight and undernourished, from homes in which tuberculosis had gained a footing. Almost without exception they came from the camp with tanned skin, many extra pounds of weight and new reserves of vitality—better fitted in every way to carry on the fight against the insidious disease.

For what it did in establishing the Sunshine Health Camp, Curtis G. Redden Post was singled out in 1934 for the Hall of Fame Award of the Illinois Department. Post Commander Hud Robbins sends the story of what was done in the hope that posts in other States may take up the work.

The post in Danville gratefully acknowledges a debt to the Kansas Department. Early in 1934, members read in The American Legion Monthly the story of the Preventorium operated by the Legionnaires of Kansas, and determined to do something of the same sort to help the undernourished and underdeveloped boys and girls of their own city.

The sun which shines in Danville is the oldest doctor in the history of the world. Science has found out in recent years many



additional facts about the life light which streams upon this world from the molten ball, 93,000,000 miles away. Those rays reach us in only 490 seconds, a trifle over eight minutes. The light from the nearest star must travel four and a half years to reach the earth.

The light of the sun is a growing medicine and a healing restorative. We permit our cities to handicap Old Dr. Sun in his work, for over them hangs a pall of smoke which filters from sunlight much of its lifegiving and healing qualities. We try to compensate for our carelessness by making artificial sunlight with lamps.

The Danville Legionnaires placed their camp out in the country, far from their city's smoke curtain. On the edge of a secluded bit of woodland, they moved into buildings of a camp once used by the Boy Scouts. The Scouts had gone elsewhere



titians, athletic directors and Eagle Scouts. Baseball games are balanced by schedules calling for plenty of rest in the daytime and strict observance of 8 o'clock bedtime.

Post Commander Robbins relates that the Vermilion County Tuberculosis Association has been the Legion's co-worker. It selects the boys and girls from those who have shown positive findings in the Mantoux Test for incipient tuberculosis. No children with the active disease are accepted. Danville physicians make regular checkups of the children.

There are separate camps for boys and girls. The girls move in for the final period of the summer, after the boys have left, and a Girl Scout director and a corps of Girl Scout helpers come with them.

Redden Post spent \$500 to establish the permanent camp, and additional sums have been given by the tuberculosis association, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and other bodies. The *Commercial-News* contributed receipts from a boxing tournament and helps by publishing news stories and editorials.

"To take these children from homes in which tuberculosis actually exists is alone worth the cost of the camp," writes Post Commander Robbins. "The health habits taught the children will pay rich dividends to the community."

"Two hours a day are given to sun baths as soon as the youngsters are accustomed to them. And each day the children spend much time in the swimming pool. There are also handicraft projects with awards to those doing the best work. Citizenship is taught by the formal raising and lowering of the flag each day, and church services are held each Sunday.

"Each child is weighed every day. Leaving camp, he is asked to give to his brothers and sisters at home the same instruction in right living which he has received. A follow up program is carried out in the winter, with Saturday afternoon parties for the camp guests. Each child is asked to report on how well he is observing his health lessons.

"Public sentiment is strongly behind the post. We had 965 members at the end of 1935. The post drum corps has taken national and state honors. The post has its own clubhouse, with a 9 hole golf course. It has done much for



Landing place of d'Iberville in 1699, Ship Island near Gulfport, Mississippi, became in 1862 the site of a fort which still stands with its original guns. Joe Graham Post has been authorized by Congress to transform Ship Island into a permanent memorial and playground

clean sport, with a series of boxing tournaments. It is without doubt the most active organization in the city. I consider that any other post could carry out a health camp project such as ours and derive from it good for its own soul."

American Legion Island

ON FEBRUARY 10, 1699, the two thirty-gun frigates and two smaller vessels of Pierre Le Moyne Sieur d'Iberville were driven by a storm to a safe anchorage between two islands off the coast of Mississippi. In this expedition were the first colonists to lay claim for France to the Mississippi Valley. While explorations proceeded, a settlement was established near the site of the present city of Biloxi. Thousands of today's citizens of Louisiana and other Gulf Coast States are proud descendants of that original expedition of d'Iberville. Ship Island, near Gulfport, the scene of the anchorage in a storm, lives in American history with Jamestown and Plymouth Rock.

To insure for Ship Island the place which it deserves in history, Joe Graham Post of Gulfport is now carrying out plans to make the island a permanent memorial and playground. Congress passed an act in 1933 authorizing the War Department to sell to the post the military reservation of Ship Island, which con-

tains Fort Massachusetts, built by Federal troops in 1862 following plans made by Jefferson Davis in 1856. The Ship Island anchorage has added historical importance from the fact that it sheltered General Pakenham's British fleet in the War of 1812.

"It is the purpose of Joe Graham Post to have on historic Ship Island a place where people can play and enjoy a vacation at any season," writes Luther W. Maples, Past Commander of the Mississippi Department. "In the 400-acre wooded section of the island the post plans to reproduce in miniature a section of the A. E. F.'s battlefield, for contrast with the solid seven-foot walls and the huge muzzle-loading cannon of the old fort."

Women War Veterans

HOW many women who served in the World War are now living in your community? The American Legion Auxiliary wants to know and wants to have their names and addresses so that it may preserve them not only for historical purposes but also that it may acquaint all women veterans with the special hospital and other rights which they possess under federal legis-



lation. The task of completing a national survey to list all the names and addresses is being carried out by the Past Presidents' Parley of the Auxiliary, of which Adalin Wright Macauley of Menomonie, Wisconsin, is national chairman.

Special survey questionnaires to be completed by the women veterans have been distributed to all Auxiliary units, and additional copies may be obtained from Mrs. Macauley. Names will be classified in three groups—women veterans in government hospitals and Veterans Administration Facilities, women veterans hospitalized in civil and state hospitals and women veterans residing at home or elsewhere who may be interested in the formation of the roster or for whom assistance may be rendered.

Legion Athletic Field

IMPOSING American Legion clubhouses have been built in towns and cities throughout the country as memorials to the men who gave their lives in the World War, and monuments and bronze memorial tablets in many other communities attest continued remembrance. Now, as a new Memorial Day approaches, another form of community memorial is attracting attention, perhaps as an accompanying phenomenon of The American Legion's leadership in junior baseball and other athletics. Any post which has not yet established a community memorial is hereby asked to turn its eyes to Raton, New Mexico, Montpelier, Idaho, and Brunswick, Maine, in which the Legion has established community athletic fields.

From Raton, E. C. Smith, Adjutant of Vaughan-Moore Post, sends a description of the sports field which has been completed by his post after four years of work. The field, dedicated to the service of the schools and the whole community, is notable be-

saw the possibilities of a rough field near the municipal water plant and swimming pool. This was being used as a dumping ground. It was low and crossed by two arroyos. But it was only two blocks from the high school building. So the post bought the land and began the work of grading.

"The junk was cleared away, the arroyos filled in, drainage ditches were dug and by fall the field was ready for football.

Each year since then has brought new improvements. In 1932 more space was leveled. In 1933 the field was used for evening softball games, and that fall the level of the field was raised by using earth excavated from a railroad underpass. In 1934 a wall was constructed around the entire field, with the aid of FERA labor. The wall encloses also the municipal tennis courts and space for a children's playground. It is built of native adobe brick, coated with white cement. In 1935 modern floodlights were installed, and we held a formal dedication. Before the floodlight installation, we had spent more than \$2,000. The value of labor and machinery contributed without charge exceeds that sum. Now we hope to erect bleachers and complete landscaping, and eventually we'll have our dreamed-of clubhouse."

There was rejoicing in Montpelier, Idaho, last fall when the football team of Montpelier High School won the championship of a wide school district. Especially happy was Montpelier Post of The American Legion, reports Post Adjutant Harold Vance, because the victory was made possible by the fact that the post had made itself the father of football in the town. Lack of a good playing field had prevented the proper development of teams by the high school. Montpelier Post proceeded to supply the field, the high school students came through with a winning brand of football and the whole town



cause it is surrounded by a high wall of adobe brick and lighted by flood lights.

"Raton is the gateway to New Mexico," writes Mr. Smith. "It is a city of 6,000 lying at the foot of the famous Raton Pass. Our post decided in 1931 to forego erecting a clubhouse in order to provide the town with a badly needed play center. The only place available for games up to that time was the fair grounds two miles from town. Raton lies close into the hills and there were no level spaces of any size. However, a few Legionnaires

Football never got a foothold in Montpelier, Idaho, until Montpelier Post established this field. Forthwith the high school team won a district championship

became football minded. Jerry Taylor, coach of the team, was elected Post Commander this year.

The citizens of Brunswick, Maine, give to George T. Files Post of The American Legion credit for the completion of the town's



Vaughan-Moore Post built this athletic field at Raton, New Mexico. The walls are of native adobe brick coated with white cement. Floodlights permit night games

new athletic field, dedicated on last Armistice Day with ceremonies at which special honors were accorded Chief of Police William B. Edwards, the man who conceived the plan and for whom the field is named. After Mr. Edwards persuaded the town to buy a tract of ten acres of pasture, no work was done for years, but when the Legionnaires voted to get behind the project it was carried through to completion. Four governmental agencies, the CWA, FERA, ERA, and WPA, provided assistance. The field has a quarter-mile cinder track, a gridiron, a diamond, tennis courts and a girls' basketball court. Past Post Commander J. Zenon Ouellette, in whose regime the work was started, had charge of the Armistice Day dedication ceremonies.

From Failing Hands

EACH year for ten years the surviving members of Columbia Post of the G. A. R. were guests at special services held in their honor by Forest Park (Illinois) Post of The American Legion. When the services were held last year, however, the Legionnaires noted with regret that their aged guests were missing. The G. A. R. ranks had dwindled to two men and neither was able to attend the services, held at the G. A. R. plot in Forest Home Cemetery.

On June 17th, Forest Park Post at a meeting attended by village officials and representatives of many civic organizations legally and formally adopted Columbia Post of the G. A. R. In impressive ceremonies, reports Legionnaire Harry R. Koltenback, the Legion post pledged that it would keep alive the name and memory of the G. A. R. post, and in advance of each Memorial Day decorate the graves of Civil War veterans and hold services in their honor. It declared that it accepted the responsibility as solemnly as the annual task of decorating its own sixty-three World War graves. Present was Colonel Davis, 93-year-old

Commander of the G. A. R. post. He had traveled 900 miles from Arkansas to take part in the adoption ceremony and turn over to the Legionnaires his post's charter and its relics.

"Newspapers everywhere have applauded our action," writes Mr. Koltenback, "and have expressed the hope that other posts would follow our example by adopting the G. A. R. posts of their own communities with formal appropriate ceremonies."



Making Motherhood Safe

MOTHER'S DAY will be generally observed in May by posts of The American Legion and units of The American Legion Auxiliary, according to reports received by Miss Emma C. Puschner, Director of the National Child Welfare Committee, and many posts and units will hold joint meetings at which will be given programs featuring information about things the Legion and Auxili-

ary can do to reduce the number of mothers dying each year in childbirth. The yearly death toll is 15,000 and fully half of these deaths could be prevented by early and adequate care of mothers before births. The Legion's 1935 National Convention recommended that all Legion posts hold joint meetings with their Auxiliary units to consider this problem.

May 10th, the second Sunday in May, is the formal date of Mother's Day, but most Legion and Auxiliary meetings are scheduled for regular meeting nights during the month. Printed material for use in planning the observance may be obtained by writing to The Maternity Center Association of New York, 1 East 57th Street, New York City.

"Every Legionnaire should know what important things he should do to help his wife," writes Horace Hughes, Director of Public Information of the Association. "It is important that she have maternity care from the very be- (Continued on page 70)

History Reports to GENERAL

By
Fairfax Downey



AT 11.01 A. M., November 11, 1918—or perhaps a little later, since it was hard to speak in that sudden, shattering silence at the front—some soldier surely turned to another and said: “Say, remember that time in the Toul Sector when we—” And so on and so on.

From that moment on, the war has been fought over and over again. Every veteran, next to his own memories, cherishes whatever written record there may be of his own regiment or Division. Yet our interest has broadened with the passing of the years. We now admit a certain curiosity as to what the rest of the Army was doing, and that curiosity can nowhere be better satisfied than by perusal of Major General James G. Harbord’s new book, “The American Army in France.” This is the story of the whole show. Its content and its quality entitle it to prominent and permanent place among the annals of the A. E. F.

After any war, numbers of generals hear and obey the command: “Present memoirs!” In this case the order has been executed by one whose service, as Marshal Pétain remarks in a foreword, was such as to fit him particularly for the detail. By one who knows the manual of letters as well as the manual of arms. By a general who—so it can be testified by many of us who saw him in action—stayed human after stars had fallen on his shoulders.

Very properly, at the request of his publishers, General Harbord prefaces his book with a brief biography and service record. It reads like an outline of one of the old Horatio Alger, Jr., novels—“Bound to Rise,” for instance. Son of a cavalryman in the Union Army, he vainly tried for an appointment to West Point. Thereupon he enlisted as a private and in two years won a second lieutenant’s commission. After twenty-eight years of service in Cuba, the Philippines, and the United States, he was a Major of Cavalry studying at the Army War College when General Pershing picked him as Chief of Staff of the A. E. F. Thereafter he successively commanded the Marine Brigade at Belleau Wood, the Second Division at Soissons, and the S. O. S. for the duration of the war. Up from the ranks and through the mill—that was Harbord’s career, and it justifies his diffidently expressed claim to have been somewhat more than other leaders in common touch with the A. E. F. and his feeling that he may say with Vergil: “These things I saw, and a part of them I was.”

So this book is history written from the viewpoint of a man who played no minor part in the making of it; history written

with the benefit of the perspective of the years and the new information they have made available. The author’s earlier volume, “Leaves From a War Diary,” was a personal, contemporary record.

Unquestionably, the hero of this book is John J. Pershing, whom Harbord calls one of the best three generals produced by our nation. That commanding figure, necessarily aloof and seemingly austere to most of us in 1917-18, is presented with that warmth and sympathy we now know he deserves, as the bang-up job he did is appreciated. Tribute is paid to the great Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, “the one man with an approximate comprehension of the problems on both sides of the Atlantic,” and so on down through the ranks to privates. On the other hand, Harbord is outspoken with criticism where he believes it deserved, and he drops weighty words on some of the celebrated necks which were put out by Americans and our Allies.

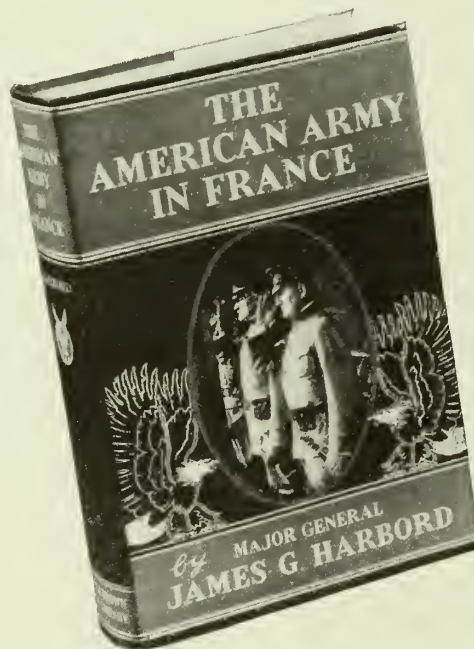
But any individual and his deeds or misdeeds merge into the narrative of the mighty war effort. How the machine was constructed and how its wheels went ’round—there lies much of the book’s fascination for buck privates, non-coms, and training camp officers, which means most of us in the Legion. It gives you a new understanding of, a new respect for staff work. Being a brass hat was a far tougher detail than most of us used to suspect. One-time envy of officers who wore spick and span uniforms, ate regularly, weren’t shot at much and could motor into Paris now and then, begins to evaporate.

What a terrific task of organization was faced by “Black Jack” and his staff when they arrived in France! They faced it practically cold except for advice from our Allies—advice which was

often invaluable but sometimes completely unacceptable, as witness their bright idea of using all our troops simply as British and French replacements. That particular bit of skullduggery Pershing had to fight from the start of the A. E. F. and up to within a few days of the Armistice, often, be it said to our shame, without the support of those upon whom he had a right to look for support, and always with a solid bloc of Allied politicians and generals arrayed against him. Harbord traces the course of these unfair maneuvers, citing chapter and verse in each instance.

Provision had to be made for everything from liaison to laundries, from war brides to billeting, from tanks to trench feet. Solving the transporta-

tion problem involved revamping the French railways, and on the automotive side we started virtually from scratch. The first motor trucks ever supplied the United States Army were those few employed on Pershing’s line of communications in his pur-



HARBORD

A Review of "THE AMERICAN ARMY in FRANCE," by JAMES G. HARBORD, Major General, U. S. Army Retired List. Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1936. 632 pages. \$5.



suit of Villa. As to communication, at first it took an hour to get a telephone connection between Chaumont and Paris—the Signal Corps linemen and bilingual telephone girls must have saved many a staff officer from the madhouse.

In fighting a war in France with an ocean separating Pershing from home politics and the War Department staunchly supporting him on the whole, the C.-in-C. was greatly blessed. The price paid was of course the difficulty of supply. While that vital matter was imperfectly managed, what with submarines and other obstacles, it is a wonder it was handled as well as it was. Harbord, giving credit where due, does not neglect to mention the dumb plays. How 14,000 tons of sawdust and shavings were shipped from the United States to insulate the cold storage plant at Gièvres, not far from where we had forestry troops and saw-mills going at full blast. How it became necessary for Pershing to recommend that no further shipments be sent of bathtubs, cuspidors, floor wax, step-ladders, lawn mowers, settees, sickles, stools, and window shades. Such were the articles which sometimes took up cargo space which should have been occupied by shoes. Learning that, veterans—even at this late date—may be willing to apologize to their company supply sergeants for hard words spoken in 1918.

Sooner or later, and mostly sooner, it was efficiency (a Harbord slogan) that ruled and got results. But Harbord still resents lack of attention at G. H. Q. to one department. "In my opinion," he writes, "the handling of personnel, including promotions and decorations, was the least well done of any administrative detail of the A. E. F." Pershing, he declares, had a psychological blind spot for the sentimental and moral value of bits of ribbon and a cross. Harbord justly objects that regulations governing the award of the D. S. M. limited it to officers. Not a few men whose gallant deeds were performed elsewhere than in the face of the enemy and who therefore were not eligible for the D. S. C. received no decoration whatever.

In accordance with Pershing's policy of rotating staff and line commands, Harbord was relieved as Chief of Staff and sent to command the Marine Brigade of the Second Division. His story of the Bois de Belleau action is stirringly told. There are illuminating lines on his emotions as a Brigade Commander in combat. Having had opportunity to watch him fairly closely at that particular time, I know how sincerely the General wrote these words:

"Yet it is true that the responsibility for orders that send men into battle, when it may mean death to men that you know personally, when it may maim and destroy men with whom you have spoken within the hour, is not lightly to be borne by any man. It leaves invisible scars, and the very recollection of it brings a spiritual humility of soul that during a varied life has come to me in no other circumstances. The insufficient information on which you are sometimes obliged to send men forth to die; the decision of whether to go forward or to retire; the conscious-



General Harbord as Chairman of the Board of the Radio Corporation of America; at left, as a brigadier general in command of the Marine Brigade of the Second Division

ness of the cost at which every advantage is won; the combat reports without place-name or hour of sending and therefore worthless; the rumors that run; the runners that never arrive; the agony of the dressing station, and the casualty lists—they are all part of the day's work for the Brigade Commander."

A measure of the man Harbord may also be taken from the fact that he spent part of a Paris leave after that battle in visiting wounded Marines in the hospitals there.

Leading the Second Division at Soissons, with the Germans in retreat before the American and French attack, Harbord met with an incident which might have developed into one of the most dramatic episodes of the war. He fell in with the general of a French cavalry division who confided his plan to ride in behind the Germans and strike them with a smashing surprise charge. Instantly Harbord—and how his cavalryman's heart must have leaped at the proposal!—offered artillery and infantry support. It was never called for. The French general changed his mind and the opportunity for a dashing exploit (Continued on page 65)

WHERE SLEEP



MEMORIAL DAY, at this springtime of the year, sends thoughts back to those buddies in the war who failed to return home. While we participated in burials under varying conditions—in the training areas, while in the lines, following offensives, and in the Occupied Area in Germany—always foremost in our mind is the only burial at sea from our transport, H. M. S. *Pyrrhus*. An Iowa doughboy, left behind in Camp Mills because of illness when his outfit sailed, accompanied our outfit as a casual. A tragic moment of carelessness of the I-didn't-know-the-gun-was-loaded kind on the part of a fellow soldier took his life. Although his body was committed to the waves with full military honors, that lad was sadly alone, separated from his own gang. It made a difference and every man on board felt it.

Through the interest and co-operation of James T. Valentine of Howard C. McCall Post, whose home is at 608 North 34th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, we report a burial that was equally sad—a burial in the land of the enemy, of which pictures are shown. Legionnaire Valentine enlisted in June, 1917, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and served as a corporal with Company L, 109th Infantry, 28th Division to July, 1918—but here's his own story:

"I was with my outfit until July 15, 1918, when during the enemy's final, unsuccessful offensive across the Marne River south of Jaulgonne—just before the Allies started the push that ended in the Armistice—I received my donations from Jerry in the form of two pieces of shrapnel and passed out of the picture. Four days later, without food or water during that period, I was picked up on the 19th by the Germans, more dead than alive, suffering from a mass of gas burns and weak from loss of blood. My experiences until I reached the Gefangenen-lager or prison camp at Rastatt, Baden, Germany, were of the kind that anyone who made the trip wants to forget. In time, most of the American soldiers taken prisoner were assembled at the Rastatt camp.

"The pictures I enclose show the burial service and procession for Private 1st Class Roy Schiffert of Company A, 139th Infantry, 35th Division, who was captured in late September, 1918, during the first days of the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, and who

In the prison camp at Rastatt, Baden, Germany, in October, 1918, American prisoners of war attend the burial service and form the funeral procession for Roy Schiffert, Company A, 139th Infantry, who had been captured during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive

died of pneumonia on October 23, 1918. To the best of my knowledge, he was the first American soldier to die in the prison camp at Rastatt. I learned later that his body was returned to the States in August, 1921, and now rests in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia.

"Although the soldiers in the pictures are well-dressed and appear to be well-fed, a short time before they looked much different. Like many more, I arrived in Rastatt wearing clothing of all descriptions—a French cap, a German coat minus the buttons, white hospital pants, and wooden-soled shoes with paper tops, a donation from Jerry. Just where we got the new uniforms I fail to remember, but I think they came through Berne, Switzerland, with the Red Cross boxes of food.

"Those boxes of food were a God-send. As I recall, they contained three cans of cooked beef, two cans of hash, four cans of beans, one can each of salmon, milk, jam, tomatoes, corn, and peas, a pound each of coffee, sugar, dried fruit and butter, ten boxes of crackers or hard-tack, and four sacks of tobacco. Such a box came regularly to each prisoner, although a number of arti-



the BRAVE



cles such as butter, tobacco, coffee, etc., were given only once a month and in that way there was no waste.

"Through the efforts of Conrad Hoffman, reported to represent the International Y. M. C. A. in Berlin, we received athletic equipment, and also the musical instruments which the men have in the picture. A band was organized. But one man and one man only deserves the credit for saving the lives of hundreds of the Americans in Rastatt—from starvation or worse—and that is former Sergeant Edgar M. Hallyburton, a real soldier and a man among men. Upon my arrival at Rastatt in August, it was a regular hell hole.

"My capture was officially my death warrant, because the Government notified my mother in October, 1918, that I was missing in action and later sent her a certificate of my death, which I

have among my souvenirs. It reads: 'This is to certify that James T. Valentine, Corporal, Company L, 109th Infantry, died with honor in the service of his country on the fifteenth day of July, 1918.' It is dated October 19, 1918.

"All the time I was overseas I received no mail from home and it was not until October that I could get any mail out of the prison camp and then through the Red Cross at Berne, Switzerland. I have a reply that they sent word to my folks at home. Our release from Rastatt on December 7, 1918, was when I had my big moment of the war. If any of the boys who recognize themselves or others in the pictures would drop me a line, I'd appreciate it. I'd certainly like to hear from some of this old gang and swap yarns—and what yarns they would be!"

Following the Armistice, all of the American dead in Germany were returned either to this country or transferred to the permanent American military cemeteries in France—principally to the Meuse-Argonne Cemetery at Romagne. Of the 78,734 members of the A. E. F. who gave their lives in the war, 46,284 were returned to the United States upon request of relatives, 605 were sent to other countries, 128 left in their original graves outside of permanent American cemeteries, and 30,592 are now buried in the permanent cemeteries, one of which is in England, one in Belgium and the remaining six in France. Through the Overseas Graves Decoration Fund raised by the Legion a number of years ago, floral tributes are



FIELD OFFICERS COLD
WEATHER OUTFIT #13
S.A.R. CATALOG No. 123456



Permanent K. P. by choice? Here is one (right) with the mess sergeant and cooks of Base Hospital No. 120 at Joué-lès-Tours, France



American energy and enthusiasm more than doubled the rated output of this sawmill (right) in the Forêt St. George near Milly, France. Above, the camp of the 22d Company, 20th Forestry Engineers, that operated the plant

placed on each grave in all of the cemeteries overseas, yearly on Memorial Day.

HERE'S one for the believe-it-or-not category: After all the belly-aching we heard about being assigned to K. P. duty—which was often used as a form of minor company punishment—we wonder about this story. But you'll have to take the word of Legionnaire Charles A. Mikeloit of 14 Moser Place, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, who submits as Exhibit A the picture on the preceding page. All right, Mikeloit, tell your story:

"It certainly makes a fellow feel good to see pictures of some of his old buddies. In reading the Legion Monthly some time ago I ran across a picture and even before reading about it, recognized some of my old war-time pals. Now I'm enclosing a snapshot of the mess sergeant, cooks and permanent K. P.'s who served with Base Hospital No. 120. I'm the big brute propped up over the boxes. I'd certainly like to hear from that gang.

"Permanent K. P.'s? Sure. How come? Well, after the Armistice was signed I was transferred from the 2d A. I. C. at Tours to Base Hospital No. 120 at Joué-lès-Tours. Well, just like all soldiers, I grumbled on account of leaving my old buddies with whom I had come across the pond. The old saying was that it didn't do any good in this man's army to grumble—and usually it didn't.

"When I found out that they had good eats at my new station, the first thing I did was hunt up the mess sergeant and get acquainted. And I got the job I asked for—permanent K. P. Was I sorry? Hell, no! While some guys might think it crazy to apply for a job as K. P., that wasn't true at that mess hall. We ate like Pershing himself.

"Many men will remember how they used to eat out in the rain with the run-over from their caps dripping into their mess kits. I did this myself and when I saw a good mess such as Base 120 had, I wanted to get on the inside. I'd like to bet there

isn't a man of Base Hospital No. 120 who wouldn't take our mess sergeant out for a good time or buy him a drink. I got fat on that K. P. job.

"Good luck to all of the cooks and the K. P.'s of the A. E. F. You know an army travels on its stomach."

ENTER the woodsmen. From the ranks of the largest regiment in the A. E. F., or in the world in fact, the 20th Engineers, Forestry, which numbered 18,500 men, steps forth E. L. Bennett of Don Stough Post of Lander, Wyoming, to tell us something of what the soldiers who worked in the woods of France accomplished. The pictures of the saw mill and camp on this page came from Bennett also. Ex-logger Bennett takes the microphone:

"How about the men who furnished the wood supply for our Army overseas—those fellows who supplied everything from wagon tongues and wood for artificial limbs to aircraft spruce, from tent pegs and

railroad ties to bunk lumber? I was with one of the outfits that composed that huge regiment of Forestry Engineers—the 22d Company of the 20th Regiment.

"The snapshots I enclose were taken soon after a detachment of fifty men of our company, under command of Lieutenant William L. Humphries, had gone into camp in

the Forêt St. George about two miles from the little village of Milly, some forty miles east of Paris. The man in the snap of the sawmill is Corporal Robert E. Harrell, a good sawyer at a good mill.

"The mill was rated at five thousand feet but as near as I can recall, Harrell put something over fourteen thousand feet through in a ten-hour day. It took a good engineer and fireman to make fog for that sort of operation. Until his death from the flu, Howard L. McCarthy of Janesville, Wisconsin, handled this French boiler so efficiently that the mill never had to wait for steam. Evidently this snap was taken on some holiday, as the flag can be seen on the big box toward the right rear of the mill shed.

"The trailers probably will recall to many a truck driver the good old days when he picked up a string of these self-tracking affairs with their solid steel wheels and went rattling and banging over the rough cobbles of some sleepy (before he arrived) French village with an audience of fist-shaking and cursing villagers. Sometimes the trailers tracked when going around corners. If they didn't, it was just too fortunate that the buildings were made of stone.

"Wonder how many of the men remember the show that was put on in the Théâtre Municipal de Blois on March 4, 1919, when the 22d Company was stationed in the outskirts of Blois tearing down the buildings of the casual camp and quarrying road surfacing?

"The program of the 'Grand Gala Américain,' given for the benefit of French disabled soldiers, included Barney E. Peaker, dancer, Emerson with his violin, Private Mann of the 3d A. I. C., who gave a sharpshooting demonstration, Frank Hollester, banjo, Sheltry, comedian, Mr. Anselvez of the Opera, and a 'Grande Demonstration de Boxe et de Lutte,'—that last meaning boxing and wrestling. The violinist, Emerson, has been a Forest Ranger on some National Forest in southern Colorado for several years. I wonder where Peaker is now?

"We had in the outfit an old white-water man from the north woods some place. How he got into the (Continued on page 70)



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Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



FROM Jack Kenyon, expansive Boston Legionnaire, we learn of the doorman who started toward a car which had just pulled up in front of an exclusive club, when he tripped down the steps and fell sprawling on the sidewalk. The manager, who had observed the incident, called the doorkeeper aside and cautioned him:

"Please be more careful—people might think you are a member."

PAST National Commander Henry Stevens used to tell this one. It was during training camp days, and there had been a divisional review. The company had made a terrible showing and the captain was sore as he looked his charges over before retreat.

"Not a man in this company will be given liberty this week-end," he said.

From the rear ranks a voice cried:

"Give me liberty or give me death!"

"Who said that?" the captain shouted.

And the same voice from the rear ranks piped back: "Patrick Henry."

THE new office-boy asked the cashier for carfare to the post office.

"You don't have to go to the post office to mail those letters," he was told.

"Well then, where do you mail them?"

"Downstairs, in the lobby."

"Downstairs me eye," replied the boy.

"The lobby is in Washington."

NEWS had just reached the housewife that her husband had been appointed adjutant general of his State's national guard.

From the telephone, she turned to her maid and said:

"Just think, Mandy, my husband is the head of the state militia."

"Now, ain't dat sumpin'," replied the maid. "I allus did think he had de grandest malicious look."



COL. John C. Willing is sponsor for the yarn about the boy who came home with a set of books which he proudly exhibited to his family.

"And where did you get them?" asked his mother.

"I won 'em as a prize in nature study," he said. "The teacher asked how many legs has a penguin, and I said three."

"But, dear!" exclaimed his mother. "A penguin has only two legs."

"I found that out, mother, but the rest of the class said four, and I was the closest, so I got the prize."

KARL KITCHEN, Executive Vice President of the Cleveland National Convention Corporation, relates that he and Past Department Commander Bill Konold of Ohio were visiting a Legion post when they were called upon to help untangle some knotty problems. The powers of the executive committee were in dispute, and the post's constitution defined them with this clause: "The executive committee has authority to act only in case of fire, floods, disasters and other grave emergencies."



THE Bounces had been over to meet their new neighbors' twins, just home from college.

"Don't you think the boy is a perfect picture of his dad?" asked Mrs. Bounce.

"Yes, and his sister is a perfect talkie of her mother."

T. C. HARRISON, of Martin, Georgia, tells us about the good wife who asked her irritable husband if he wouldn't read to her while she knit and the old meanie replied: "We'll just reverse it—I'll read and you knit to me."

THE new boy friend was making his first call. "Mother," said the sweet young thing, "allow me to present my friend Mr. Noodlesnapper."

The mother, who was a little hard of hearing, placed her hand to her ear and said: "I'm sorry, dear, but I did not quite get the young man's name. You'll have to speak a little louder, I'm afraid."

"I said, mother," shouted the girl, "I want to present Mr. Noodlesnapper."

"I'm sorry, dear, but Mr. — What was the name again?"

"MR. NOODLESNAPPER!"

The old lady shook her head sadly.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it's no use. It sounds like Noodlesnapper to me."

CARL C. BROWN, National Service officer, says that on a highway over in Missouri there is a sign reading as follows:

30 MILES TO BUFFALO

If you can't read ask the blacksmith at next crossroads.



LEGIONNAIRE Harry E. Walsworth, of St. Johns, Michigan, writes that during the winter of '17-'18 several hundred officers were in training at Camp Johnston, Florida. One day a group was out on a practice march, and while crossing a stream, met a number of colored convicts working on a bridge.

"Well, George, how will you trade jobs?" one of the officers asked.

"Nothin' doin', mistah soldier man," replied the convict. "Ah knows where Ah'll be a year from now, an' you-all don't."

FROM R. O. Lytle of Bend, Oregon, we hear about the man who was moving to another house in the next block. Everything went by truck except a precious old grandfather clock, which he carried himself. The burden was heavy, and every few steps he would set it down. Invariably, though, each time he put down the clock he would step around in front of it to reassure himself that everything was as it should be.

Finally a little boy who had been watching him, piped up earnestly:

"Say, mister, why don't you get a watch?"

FROM Wisconsin's Alfred L. Adams comes one about an evening while the Officers Training Corps at Fort Snelling stood at attention listening for the first note of retreat. The hush was broken by the clatter of a rifle dropped by a luckless candidate in the ranks. This was embarrassing enough to him, but snickers were heard throughout the whole battalion when the instructor shouted:

"That's it, dammit, throw your rifle away! We'll get you a spear tomorrow."



COMRADE E. W. Pembleton of Newburgh, New York, hands us one about the wealthy motorist who, just out of gasoline, coasted into a roadside station and found the attendant to be a slow-moving individual.

"Here, boy," he said. "Get a move on! I want some gas. You'll never get anywhere without push. It is essential to success. When I was a boy I pushed, and kept pushing and that got me where I am."

"That sure is fine," replied the boy. "I guess you'll have to push some more. They ain't a drop o' gas in this station."

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*and nearly a half-million people
have bought used cars from
these dealers so far this year!*



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DEALER
for *Guaranteed* used cars
with an *OK* that counts

Private War

(Continued from page 11)

a Chineese boy countin' little ol' buttons right in yo' face?"

The verdict was quick. "I'd bust dat boy right in de nose an' cut him loose awful sudden f'm my money!"

THUS encouraged the Wildcat laid all his cards on the table. After twenty minutes during which the Backslid Baptist, Cinder Eye and the Lizard contributed to the data that had dislocated the morale of C Company, "Hold dat language," Sergeant Kinzie interrupted. "Lissen to me, men, I always been wid you, ain't I, in de middle of every ruckus when de hand of fate look like it wuz aimin' to knock you cold?"

"You sho is."

"I always been yo' friend, ain't I?"

"Sergeant, de world knows it."

"Dat bein' de case, once mo' does I snatch yo' brands f'm de burnin', once mo' I leads you chillun outen de lion's den." Sergeant Kinzie threw out his chest and took a deep drag at the big cigar to which his prominence entitled him. "Lissen to me—dis is de fust thing you got to do."

The first thing, covering methods of procedure, hit the council with all the impact that Sergeant Kinzie's common sense and good judgment invariably carried. No sooner had the genius of their salvation outlined his plan than a chorus of approval and admiration smote his ears.

"Hot dam, boy! Dat's de stuff. Dat gwine to fix everythin' mighty noble!"

"Sho pays us fo' ways f'm de jack!"

"Old Sergeant Kinzie an' General Pershing is got the two biggest brains in de Army."

Halting the verbal tributes, Sergeant Kinzie lifted his hand for silence. "Fust thing to do is for de Wilecat to make his official call on dat Marmaduke Uplifter," the sergeant advised. "Git dat brass band question settled. After dat everythin' is easy. You better visit dat Marmaduke boy tonight, Wilecat."

The Wildcat nodded. "I visits him. Dey's one thing us is forgot."

"Whut's dat?"

"Dey ain't no bass horn in de band."

"Dat's right." Cinder Eye, who played the trombone in the Company band, spoke with authority. "Dat bass horn got lost on de dock in Hoboken."

Sergeant Kinzie considered this problem for a moment and then, "Don't let that worry you none. I borrows a bass horn for you f'm dat engineer outfit. You ain't gwine to need it more dan a week does everythin' work out de way us figgers. By de way, who kin play dat bass horn?"

The Wildcat spoke up first. "I plays dat horn."

Cinder Eye looked at the Wildcat in surprise. "Never knowed you played no horn. Thought you told me you kain't play no horn when us organized de Company band."

The Wildcat winked at Cinder Eye. "Nemmine boy, kin I play dat bass horn or not. I kin pack it aroun' an' blow a lot of wind in it even if I kain't play it."

Sergeant Kinzie nodded at the Wildcat. "Next thing is you got to hypnotize Marmaduke."

"I hypnotizes dat old Uplifter," the Wildcat threatened. "In de meantime you pave de way wid de cap'n an' de lootenant."

"Don't worry, boy, I paves de way so slick you gwine to think somebody is soaped de rails fo' yo' march of triumph."

MILITARY music blasted out of the various instruments of a seven-piece band can be a valuable aid to locomotion on the up-grade after a hard day's work. The band project met with ready approval from all concerned; from Marmaduke Raleigh and the company commander down to the somnolent water boy who served the Wildcat's work detail in the Annamite camp.

When recall blew, "Hot dawg! Mudlarks, rally round!" the Wildcat yelled. "Cinnamon, grab yo' drum. Backslid, drape yo' big mouth around de small end of dat slip horn. Hand me dat bass horn whilst I loads its vitals wid a roarin' cyclone."

"Who gwine to lead dis band?"

"Old Ram leads it—dat's all he good fur."

"Whut's de fust piece us plays?"

"Hot Time in de Old Town."

The Wildcat draped the bass horn around his eager anatomy. "Let's go! Lissen to me, Old Ram, de line of march leads right into Dong Gut's gamblin' house. Us serenades him on de way through. Dat ought to make him feel mighty pleasant."

"I leads you right where you got to go," Old Ram promised. "I remembers whut you said las' night. Git ready. Forward, march!"

"When you hear dem bells go ting-a-ling, all join in—." Within ten seconds the work detail, trailing along in the rear of the band, had opened up on the words of the song with a bellowing chorus that almost drowned the music. A hundred yards along the route and "Hot Time" gave way to the "Beale Street Blues."

The "Beale Street Blues" went under the wire a winner as a preface for "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and it was this classic, rendered with full effect, that shook the altar ornaments and the tinsel draperies in the church end of

Dong Gut's unusual duplex establishment.

Dong Gut, smiling and nodding at the deafening compliment to his deities, bowed his gratitude to the Wildcat and his associate musicians as they halted in front of Kwan Yin's ornate altar.

The Wildcat's ragtime band lingered at the altar for a moment and then, resuming its march to the inspiring strains of "Casey Jones," it led the colored contingent of C Company out of Dong Gut's domain and up the hill to camp.

Five hundred feet away from the Annamite camp Old Ram halted his slashing baton long enough to growl a question at the Wildcat. "You git it?"

"Sho did," the Wildcat answered, thenceforth bellowing lustily into his ponderous bass horn, whose notes were strangely muffled.

Following his brunet visitors' departure Dong Gut's gaze ranged along the array of colorful tributes at Kwan Yin's feet. He noticed with quick delight that an offering of roast duck had disappeared. Dong Gut bowed low before his deity. "Oh Thou Jewel of the Lotus, ten million words of gratitude cannot serve for this moment. Thou hast deigned to accept thy servant's gift."

A sense of gratitude to the Wildcat and the other members of the band welled up in Dong Gut's heart. Kwan Yin seemed to smile. "The compliment of music inspired the Jewel of the Lotus to accept our unworthy gifts," Dong Gut informed his congregation in an eloquent explanation of the miracle. "We are armed against ten thousand devils—Kwan Yin has smiled upon us."

A WEEK later, comforted by the smile of Kwan Yin and the fact that eight culinary offerings had been accepted by the goddess, Dong Gut gazed benevolently at the Wildcat's band of musicians.

"Git ready, boys, wid them music tools," the Wildcat ordered. "Whut's de fust piece, Old Ram?"

"Fust piece is slow drag f'm de middle section of de 'Beale Street Blues.'"

The Wildcat nodded in quick understanding. "Dat's right. I see you ain't forgotten nuthin'." Then in a hoarse whisper, "Rally round close to where dat duck is roostin'," he directed, addressing his companions.

The slow drag section of the "Beale Street Blues" finished up with a faster movement to whose tempo the Wildcat and the rest of the band made their exit from the church end of Dong Gut's hut.

In the darkness the Wildcat escaped from the coils of the bass horn. He handed the heavy instrument to Old Ram. "Be mighty careful wid it," he admonished. (Continued on page 44)



He saw them

ADVANCE ■ CLASH ■ RETREAT

FREDERICK PALMER, dean of American war correspondents, saw his first battle in 1897. Saw it with the naked eye. Stood on a hill and watched the Greek and Turkish armies come together. Watched the shooting—the retreat.

In 1914 Palmer watched the birth of trench warfare. Long range guns discouraged hilltop sitting. War went underground—and war correspondents under fire. Palmer learned the new technique.

This magazine is proud to count Frederick Palmer among its frequent contributors. He speaks

with authority backed by unique personal experience and perspective.

* * *

The Advertising Man has a Ford story you haven't heard! He says the Ford people make a careful study of readership before selecting magazines to carry Ford advertising. Here are interesting facts they learned, proving the readers of *this* magazine are definitely automobile-minded: 72.8% own passenger automobiles. 25.7% own Fords. *Note—when you buy a Ford, mention the Ford advertising (Page 5) you have seen in The American Legion Monthly.*

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company were interested in the following figures — 621,000 Legionnaires own cars and average 10,200 miles a year. A fine market for their advertising message (Page 51)—a market that is intensely interested in highway safety.

Still another fact impressed LaSalle Extension University, the fact that our readership is uniquely concentrated on men in the productive years—the solid citizen type, with an above-average share of serious ambition. (Pages 48 and 63.)

Private War

(Continued from page 42)

"Git Marmalade rigged up on de duck. Leave all dat gold paper an' dem red fixins on dat duck's carcass. Git it on de table in front of Marmalade prompt at de time I told you."

Old Ram headed into the coils of the bass horn. "Twenty minutes after six by Sergeant Kinzie's watch. Us gits rigged. You sure Dong Gut gwine to come up de hill?"

"I brings Dong Gut, dead or alive."

The first harrowing details of the story that the Wildcat related to Dong Gut via an intelligent interpreter served to animate the servant of Kwan Yin to an alarming degree.

"Step right dis way, Dong Gut," the Wildcat directed. "I got a hack out here all ready an' waitin' fur you. Us boys knowed you would be mighty mad. Bring two or three mo' Chinees boys does you crave to. Dis open-faced hack carries six folks easy as not."

At six-fifteen at the west end of the long company street the party climbed out of the open-faced hack. "Come along now wid me, Dong Gut," the Wildcat invited. "Come quiet. Us got to sneak up on dat old Marmalade boy."

The sneaking-up process occupied three minutes. A preliminary word of caution fifty feet from the Uplifter's tent: "Tell him I hauls back de flap of de tent," the Wildcat said to Dong Gut's interpreter. "De minnit I hauls back de flap of de tent he sees who been stealin' all dem ducks an' all dat roast pork an' all dem nutritious chickens f'm de pulpit in his church."

The flap of Marmaduke Raleigh's tent

opened within thirty seconds of schedule. In the yellow light of two coal oil lanterns hanging from the ridge pole of the tent, Dong Gut saw the Uplifter accept a platter from the hands of a brunet K. P. In the center of the platter there was an ornate roast duck. Supine upon his back the duck's wings lifted in futile supplication. The duck's legs were decorated in golden tinsel as befitting an offering to Kwan Yin.

While Dong Gut watched with glaring eye Marmaduke Raleigh desecrated the gaudy sacrifice with a quick stab of a sharp-edged carving knife. "Compliment the cook on how fancy he does a duck," the Uplifter directed, addressing the retreating K. P.

The English language gave place to a crescendo blast of screaming Oriental protests. With the yowl of a female panther Dong Gut dived into Marmaduke Raleigh's tent. Three of his countrymen supported the attack. In the first ten seconds of the battle Marmaduke found himself completely infested with Annamites. Old Dong Gut, working diligently with a heavy teakwood walking stick, beat the cadence of the song of sweet revenge on Marmaduke's skull, screeching above an accompaniment of epithets from his confederates and howls of pain from the struggling Uplifter.

Into the fray, at the top of his lungs, "Sock it to him!" the Wildcat yelled. "He's de boy whut's been eatin' up all yo' chickens an' ducks an' roast pork. Bear down heavy on dat man!"

Bearing down heavy on their victim

the Annamites were presently trailing in a race of retreat led by the shattered Uplifter. The first leg of Marmalade's flight ended in the sanctuary of the officers' mess.

Observing this, slinking into the darkness with Cinnamon and the Backslid Baptist, Cinder Eye, Lizard, Old Ram and fifty chortling stragglers from the stevedore outfit, "Marmalade mighty lucky to git safe widout ol' Dong Gut whittlin' out his vitals," the Wildcat exulted.

After a shock absorber of red tape had been woven around Marmalade's fragile form, the Uplifter was launched homeward through military channels for the good of the service.

When the news spread through C Company, "Guess mebbe we better have Sergeant Kinzie take dat bass horn back to dem engineer boys," the Backslid Baptist suggested.

The Wildcat nodded his approval. "Us is done wid it. Somebody better clean out de grease on de inside of dat horn befo' it is took back—dat old horn sho carried dem chickens an' ducks an' roast pork rations mighty noble."

From an admirer in the corner of the hut, "Don't tell us you kain't blow dat bass horn, Wilecat—you blowed dat Marmalade hound all de way across de ocean wid it."

"Never knowed my strength," the Wildcat answered modestly. Then, smiling under his cargo of compliments, "Blowed a cyclone into dat horn. Sho uprooted dat old poison oak Marmalade!"

Peace, the Reds and the Rest of Us

(Continued from page 13)

Observers generally agree that it was the fear of Russian communism which finally led the Germans to accept Hitlerism. If they were forced to give up constitutional forms they preferred, in a desperate case, to accept an independent home dictatorship to one which was subject to a supreme head in Moscow. The communists create the fascism this communist-pacifist league fights against.

Another example is China, where communism is ever boasting of its successes. Red agitation in China has helped to prevent the establishment of any loyal national army and promoted civil war, general chaos and further suffering, famine and bloodshed.

This may not have been the studied plan, but it was the effect in practice which counts in this human world. As a result China has been left wide open to the Japanese advance.

Now the only way that the Russian dictatorship can make China subject to Moscow is to lick the Japanese army, and it is evident that some of our pacifists would see that as the righteous war of the Russian class dictatorship against Japanese imperialism.

You may be sure that there is no kind word for the Legion in *Fight* or in any pacifist circles under Russian influence. The Legion is on record as against Soviet as well as fascist or Nazi dictatorships. If it stood for Soviet dictatorship but against a fascist dictatorship then it would be welcomed as a noble and heroic organization, and every member would be endowed at once with a spotless character.

It is a peace of force which the communists and left wing socialists seek. This, according to their idea, we shall have when allied red armies have become

masters of all countries. Therefore, in the name of peace, in the next world war, instead of the slogan to make the world safe for democracy we should make the world safe for the Soviets, and the United States should become the ally of Russia.

The recently formed coalition of peace societies—including the sane ones with no brief against reasonable national defense—which presented a program for neutrality to the President, did not receive the communist League Against War and Fascism into its fold. But evidently all the promoters of the coalition do not realize the company they are keeping in the directors of some of the societies. These are associated with other societies which serve "The Soviet Policy of Pacifism" as expressed in the *Daily Worker*. That policy is to "carry on propaganda among the masses 'toward'

arming of the proletariat, overthrowing the bourgeoisie and establishing the proletarian dictatorship." Again:

"Our Leninist position on militarism and war is very clear and certain. We are not against war and militarism as such. We are against imperialist war; we are against bourgeois militarism. But we are in favor of revolutionary wars."

That warrants the policy of joining in with any movement which will make it easier for revolution by weakening the Army and Navy. The fewer soldiers you have to fight, the lower their morale, the better your chances of victory.

The reds are unfailing allies and coaches of all the groups which watch for the first faint sign of anything like military training in the C. C. C. camps and our schools and in their violent attacks on the R. O. T. C. of our colleges. It is held that any youth who receives any kind of military training will want to go to war; that any kind of preparedness for war breeds war. The one sure way to keep out of war is in their view complete unpreparedness.

By this reasoning it must have been our elaborate and thorough preparedness which promoted such a thirst for human blood on the part of two millions of our soldiers that they insisted upon having a turn in the trenches in France. As you look back to the winter of 1916-'17, don't you remember our immense standing army, our huge ammunition depots, colossal stores of artillery and mountainous stacks of rifles ready to hand to our millions of trained reservists? Or do you?

What we do know in cruel realism in this world of realism is that when our people decided for war we had to train men to train soldiers in mortal haste and intensiveness; and to make arms and equipment for them, and it was a year before we could begin fighting in force. No one has as good reason to feel the truth of this in their bones as the men who went through the mill and waited for arms. If we had been reasonably prepared the Germans might have called off their submarine warfare against our ships without our having to make good on our ultimatum with our blood and treasure.

And what is this R. O. T. C. against which the joint communist-pacifist is savagely militant? Why, merely that in the course of their regular education some of our young men should learn how to train recruits if we went to war again—the while we have 600,000 youth in the C. C. C. camps of our terrible fascist country who receive no military training and Russia has the largest standing army in the world. However, after our red revolution, Stalin would probably spare some of his officers to coach us under the red flag as the British and French spared officers to coach us in 1917-'18. Our allies of 1917-'18 allowed us to fly the Stars and Stripes, but there'd be none of that (Continued on page 46)



REASURE WITHOUT END

INSURED BY SEAGRAM'S ACTIVITY IN AMERICA

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WITH most treasures—the more that is taken away—the less you have left. But this is not true with Seagram's. The reason is Seagram's great American building program. Seven million dollars has been expended by Seagram for plants in America. Two huge distilleries—at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and at Baltimore, Maryland—have been in operation since Repeal. A third large modern distillery is nearing completion at Louisville, Kentucky. Over 23 thermostatically controlled and air-conditioned maturing warehouses have been erected.

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reached full maturity—ready for you *now without waiting*.

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In modern distilleries at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, at Baltimore, Maryland, and now at Louisville, Kentucky, Seagram is making fine rye and Bourbon whiskey—and storing it away for "*Time to Work its Wonders*." Thus Seagram's supply of fine whiskies remains . . . steady, continuous, unchanging. Thus the Seagram treasure is actually *treasure without end*.

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Say **Seagram's** and be Sure

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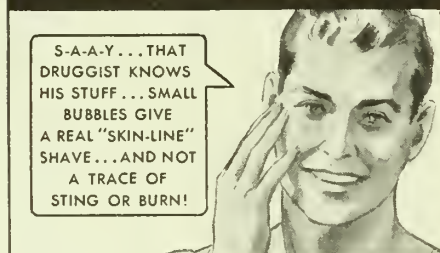
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SO JUST TO PLEASE HER



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MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.



COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shave last longer.

DINNER THAT NIGHT



COLGATE "SKIN-LINE"
SHAVES LAST
HOURS LONGER



Peace, the Reds and the Rest of Us

(Continued from page 45)

nonsense under Stalin, you may be sure.

Many earnest and honest pacifist societies as well as organizations for other causes are much bothered by the way the communist-socialist crowd horn in to make them their own. Start a pacifist parade and there are the reds in the line of march bearing banners with red legends. The reds like demonstrations, and they are most expert in starting them.

Here is an example which was the result of the affiliation of the League for Industrial Democracy and the League Against War and Fascism: "The Student League for Industrial Democracy and the National Student League, the former socialist in its sympathies, and the latter communist, are the mainsprings of the student anti-war movement." So reports Joseph P. Lash, Secretary of the Student League for Industrial Democracy and member of the National Student Strike Committee. And this committee for the student strike was composed of one representative each of the Student League for Industrial Democracy, National Council of Methodist Youth, Youth Section of the American League Against War and Fascism, Inter-Seminary Movement (Middle Atlantic Division), American Youth Congress, and the National Student League. (It is the long lists of societies with their long names and their interlocking directorates favoring the red infiltration that keep people who respond to a cause appealing to them from knowing the company they are keeping. If one society or committee does not succeed, they organize another.)

On April 13, 1934, 25,000 students, mostly from New York City colleges, were in the strike against war. One year later 175,000 throughout the United States dropped their books and left their classrooms for one hour, pledging themselves not to support their country in any war.

President Butler of Columbia University, who is also head of the Carnegie peace endowment, said: "To organize a strike against war is to show a strange lack of a sense of humor, for the strike itself is a form of violence." This was demonstrated in the way the students lined up to resist the police and authority.

Anti-war? Who is not anti-war? Against what war? Against a European war? Can students on strike in America stay the march of the European legions to the front after word is given? Against an American war? I know nobody who wants one.

According to Mr. Lash, the strike was against the aggressive war which the United States is planning against Japan—imperialist United States, which has given the Philippines their independence and withdrawn its Marines from Haiti

and Nicaragua and sought no indemnity or a square foot of soil in the World War. Imperialist United States, which scrapped ships to lead in the limitation of armament in 1921!

We are told that we shall find incidents as an excuse for the war with Japan when the time comes, but not so angelic Soviet Russia. "Such incidents occurred weekly between the Soviet Union and Japan," says Lash, "and it was only the Soviets' will for peace that prevented them from becoming the pretext for war." Again: "A few conscientious objectors hindered the war machine in 1917; thousands of students strikers would aid in crippling it." Further: "The R. O. T. C. is trying to foist a fascist ideology on the school system."

Again, all the while from Lash: "The establishment of socialism in America would end the problem of surplus production and capital which begets imperialism, and therefore end the threat of our being drawn into a war with Japan."

And Lash closes in capital letters: "FIGHT WAR ON EVERY FRONT AND YOU FIND YOURSELF FIGHTING FOR SOCIALISM," which is Leninism and Stalinism. So, boys and girls, do nothing to cripple the Russian war machine which alone is the friend of peace.

So, knowingly or not, the student strikers were speaking the voice of Moscow. And college authorities and high school principals who opposed students leaving their classrooms for an hour at eleven in the morning and suggested that if they would stage a demonstration they do it after school hours were classed as militarists and red-baiters in a class with The American Legion.

As champions of free speech the striking students at Harvard were outraged when another lot of students in frolicsome mood staged a mock "Down With Peace—We Want War" counter-demonstration under the name of the Michael Mullins Chowder Club. The striking students saw such tomfoolery as another step toward making America fascist, but they must have got a kick out of this excuse for pleading that they were being persecuted. They would have been the objects of another kind of kick if they had been Russian students publicly pledging themselves not to support the Soviet Union in any war.

Anyhow, in striking against war the students had a grand spree. If their communist-socialist mentors find that the novelty of a strike against war has worn off, a change may be provided—perhaps to a strike against the recovery of prosperity because it has come under the American system without our having accepted the Russian system in a revolution first.

Anyhow, I have to hand it to the American agents of the Moscow school of propaganda, which is the most skilful and subtle in the world. They are pupils worthy of their masters. The school is adept at window-dressing with no trouble to show goods, that is, the goods pleasing to varying tastes.

There is, too, the insidious mass propaganda through motion pictures. Not only do the Communists have some small houses where the runs seem exclusively under their control, but all Russian pictures, interesting, well-done and allowable as they are in our free country, serve in glorifying the Soviet paradise in contrast with our own "capitalist hell." No picture can be shown in Russia, much less leave Russia, without the approval of the censor.

Some simple minds may wonder if the American comrades are not disturbed by the latest reports of changes in the Russian system. Some men are drawing higher and still higher pay than others; and those discriminated against may not strike as in imperialist America.

The 1,200,000 comrades who compose the Russian Communist party—champions of the class struggle for a classless society—are more and more favored over the 160,000,000 mere citizens. The families of the chosen have fine homes and cars and luxuries, while the citizens take what is allowed them. This is really good news for the American comrades. It shows that Moscow will favor their having their reward as the chosen when our revolution comes.

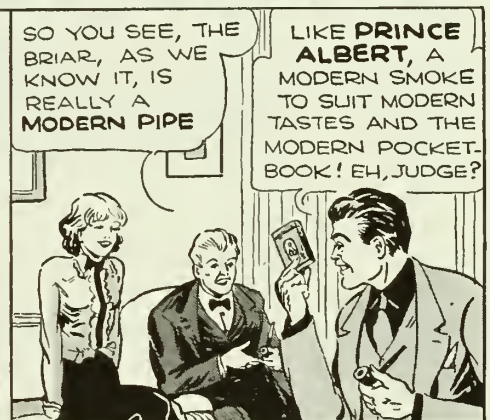
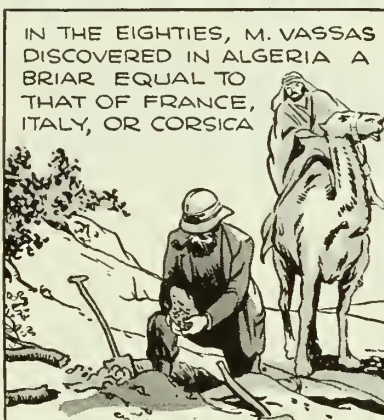
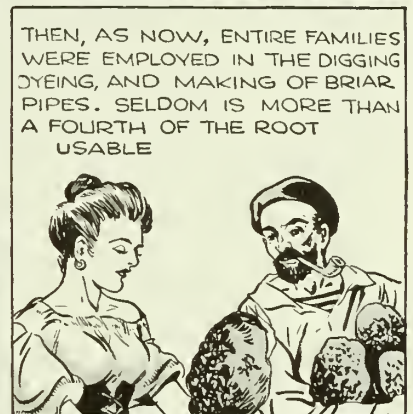
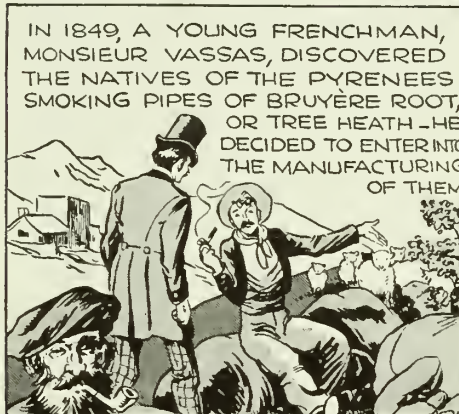
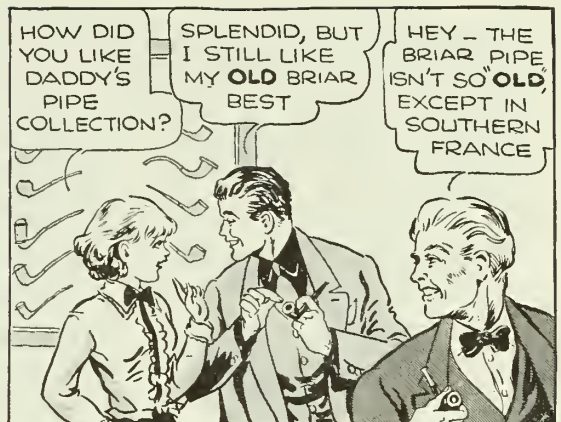
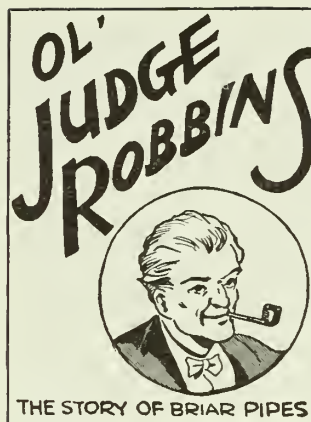
My own view remains to allow the comrades in our land of free speech to praise the Soviet system as much as they please, to advocate socialism and any amendment they choose to the Constitution through established peaceful means. May Russia have plenty and progress, and may all peoples. One day may we all be able to reduce armaments, to know eternal peace.

Meanwhile, it is easier to stampede the untrained into war than those who are trained in its realities and who therefore stop to think before they pick a fight. The wisdom that goes with preparedness is the best protection against war.

And meanwhile it is important that the red movement and its method of infiltration be not too much despised when changes come so quickly in this fast-moving world; that education to correct error answer education in error.

Our Government has the right to protect itself against seditious propaganda in public schools, and especially in its armed forces, which are its protection from within and without—the protection of our national security, our system, the very freedom of speech itself. And what about that old saying that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty?

This is the last of four articles by Frederick Palmer on radical activities in the United States.



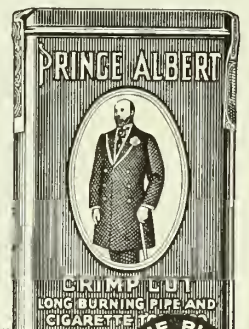
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Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

48

Soldiers' Mail

(Continued from page 27)

proceed to the front. The army system did not provide that the individual should be told where he was being sent. All he knew was that he was on his way somewhere. Frequently a bloc never reached its original destination if greater need, real or imagined, developed in another Division encountered en route.

Of the well-known American combat units, the Second Division had continuous complaints against the mail service. The Army Regulars and Marines designated to compose the Second originally were scattered all over France. Concentrated early in 1918, there attended a long lapse in redirecting mail or before correspondents at home could be informed of new addresses. Thereafter the Division was almost continuously in action on various fronts. Suffering roughly eighty percent casualties (4478 dead and 17,752 wounded), it is little wonder that mail troubles persisted. Letters delivered to proper divisional units for the wounded then began a journey short or long through various base hospitals, recuperative centers or back to the States.

In the flux of battle casualties alone, the quarter-million killed and wounded represented only one-half of a postal problem. The quarter-million replacements who stepped into gaping ranks meant a total of a half-million address changes. The sick, reclassified troops, non-combatant casuals, totaled other tens of thousands of changed addresses.

None of such unavoidable changes presupposes the supplying of incomplete or inaccurate addresses by soldiers to home correspondents, or the same effect caused by ignorance at home. Absence of the initials "A. E. F." on a letter often resulted in such mail being classified as for delivery through the French civil postal system. There is evidence that many smart soldiers thought they could beat the gun on mail delivery by advising home correspondents of exact addresses where they were stationed. Despite military censorship it apparently was not difficult to let a friend know the city and department where one was stationed. But most such smarties failed to take into account the impermanence of military station, and French postmasters, trained in a dogmatic school of bureaucracy, held such letters for call. After the Armistice we recovered literally bushels of these letters from French post offices all over the republic.

Similarity of names and initials was another major problem which I can illuminate by an incident which occurred shortly after I was commissioned in the Army Postal Service. At an A. P. O. in the Bordeaux area I was approached one day by a Negro soldier who inquired in a plaintive drawl, "Mister Cap'n, is you-

all got a letter for a boy named Will'um Alexander?"

Originating in the South myself, I was touched by his anxiety. Inquiry developed that he had not heard from home in four months of service abroad and as a result William Alexander looked like the most lonesome homesick soldier in the entire A. E. F. He assured me his relatives could write and he was sure they were sending him letters regularly, but it developed he had not given them a proper address. To be sure, he was not the colored stevedore who supplied friends with the somewhat confusing address "Number 4 in the front rank, A. E. F.," but the address given by Alexander to his relatives in Alabama was incomplete. In tracing the missing letters of that soldier, the Central Records Office revealed that exactly 19,780 soldiers surnamed Alexander were members of the A. E. F., and, to be further exact, one hundred and forty Alexanders-to-end-war boasted the given name of William. Does that seem surprising? Then know that the Smiths with the American Army overseas totaled 28,137—more than a full division. The Johnson family was runner-up among combatants, numbering 26,999. May I shed further light on occasional mail confusion by explaining that there were 426 simple William Johnsons and another 160 William Johnsons possessed of the identical middle initial W.

Similarity of names was a tribute to the preponderance of what we call American stock in the A. E. F. There were 17,867 Williamses, 16,393 Browns, 14,110 Davises, 13,132 Thompsons, 7008 Harrises, 6873 Jacksons. Lewises, Turners, Greens and Clarks also fought by the thousands. Kellys numbered roughly 4500, Sullivans a thousand fewer.

When given names and surnames were the same, there was more chance of mail confusion. In the A. E. F. there were 249 John Smiths, 254 William Browns, 201 William Williamses, 198 John Browns, 179 James Greens, 167 John Davises, 148 James Rogerses, 133 James Jacksons, 118 James Davises, 117 John Kellys, 104 John Sullivans. There were 133 John J. Sullivans (29 more than simple Johns), 97 John F. Smiths, 91 James A. Smiths, 89 John H. Browns, 67 John A. Smiths and 66 Robert L. Smiths.

So far as my own particular William Alexander was concerned, it is enough to say that I finally rounded up his missing letters and the transformation they effected was a complete reward for my efforts.

The Central Post Office was located at Bourges because the nearest approach to a complete roster of the A. E. F. existed there in the Central Records Office. The postal service had made an

abortive attempt to establish an up-to-date mailing list by distributing cards among men separated from their original organizations. It was reported that of 14,000 cards sent to one of the largest hospital centers in France not one card was returned. At another place only 100 cards were filled out from 500 distributed. Maybe because the execution of other forms necessary to family allotments and the purchase of Liberty Bonds on the instalment plan had resulted in too many payroll deductions, our troops had become suspicious of signing on the dotted line. Although our main reliance for proper addresses rested in the Central Records Office the files there were available for postal workers only at night. Military duties naturally took precedence.

I have been asked the extent of theft from the army mails. To the best of my knowledge I am happy to report that such crime was almost non-existent. It is my opinion that the average suspicion of theft might be explained as a strayed or misdirected piece of mail.

The peak of mail delivery came at Christmas, 1918. Not counting letters, gift packages for the troops totaled 96,000 sacks. Averaging thirty parcels to the sack, that meant close to three million packages to be delivered—one and a half packages per soldier. The Army Postal Service proved an efficient Santa Claus. Corraling box-cars where we could, most of the packages were delivered on or before Christmas Day.

Shortly after the holidays those packages undeliverable at first address began coming back. Eventually 1600 sacks were piled high in warehouses, totaling some 48,000 undelivered parcels. Now 1600 mail sacks is an impressive sight, which, viewed without understanding, might be interpreted as a breakdown in the service. Actually they represented less than two percent of the total volume handled, which would be considered normal in a present-day metropolitan postal area. But it was my fate with those 1600 sacks on my hands to be paid a surprise visit by an inspection party. My explanations were of no avail. I was brusquely ordered to get rid of them. That I did by the simple expedient of shipping them to the Central Post Office. Two days after the shipment had gone, imagine my surprise to receive orders directing me to duty there—with specific instructions to dispose of the lot!

Outgoing mail established a record in January, 1919. Homesick soldiers awaiting transport that month wrote 28,000,000 letters, or about a letter per soldier every other day of the month. Moreover, anxiety to know when their heroes might be expected home prompted twice the outgoing volume from the States—fifty million letters. This total exchange represented a greater mail volume than that being done by the entire French postal system. (Continued on page 50)



In a Malayan jungle I made my Strangest "Find"

by Frank Buck, Author of "Lring 'em back alive"

TRAPPING and handling ferocious animals is no joke, but I'd rather face a wild beast than shave with a shoddy blade.

That's why it was almost tragic when I ran out of Gillette blades a few months ago up in the jungle of Negri Sembilan. But I found them in a little kedai, or native trading post, located on a bullock-cart trail leading into a dense Malayan jungle.

I didn't know then why the Gillette blade stands head and shoulders above all others for quality—why it gives me clean, easy shaves under all conditions. That was before I visited the Gillette factory in Boston, and got the surprise of my life!

I never dreamed it took so much care and effort to produce the Gillette blade. I saw ribbons of finest Swedish steel put through one elaborate and precise process after another. I saw them perforated, hardened, tempered, ground, honed, stropped

and cut into individual blades by machines that are almost unbelievably accurate. I met skilled technicians who supervise the ingenious scientific devices that constantly check and double-check for quality. I couldn't imagine such rigid inspection.

Yes, these blades—in department after department—seem to be examined as closely as a bacteriologist searches for microbes on a slide. And after the final inspection the blades are sprayed with a special antiseptic solution and placed in their sanitary waxed paper wrappers.

Now I know why I can shave every day, in the jungle or out, and actually enjoy it! And that goes whether I buy my Gillette blades in New York, London or Paris—Calcutta, Singapore or Shanghai. They're the same, the world over, equally sharp and smooth-shaving. No wonder wild animals can't keep me from shaving with Gillette blades.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute? Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Soldiers' Mail

(Continued from page 49)

Nor should I fail to mention that in addition to letters 15,000 sacks of parcels went from France to the United States that same month. Always a souvenir collector, the American doughboy was hastening to ship mementoes for which there might not be room in his barracks bag. Mostly the souvenirs were German helmets.

Often I am asked why American A. P. O.'s were numbered in the 700 series. In its inception the selection represented the familiar military strategy of an attempt to mislead the enemy. When the 700 series was exhausted, succeeding serial numbers—with a very few exceptions in the 800 series—were in the 900 sequence.

A. E. F. Postal Service franks are now collectors' items. The most complete brochure on that subject to come to my

attention is published by Dr. H. A. Coleman of New Philadelphia, Ohio. It lists the rarities and makes several valuable suggestions for specialization.

There was considerable confusion in mail attending the happy homeward voyage of the A. E. F., but letters were of no account when the principal subject of correspondence waved in person from a transport deck or was wrapped in glad-some embrace. Once the Army of Occupation was shaken down—and twenty late German railway mail cars were placed at our disposal—my duties as chief of the Postal Service for American forces on the Rhine were no more arduous than those of any first-class postmaster back in the States.

Conceding valuable contributions to the A. E. F. by welfare organizations, by entertainers and by chaplains, it is un-

deniable that the greatest factor in any army's morale is the maintenance of individual links with home-folk. To have maintained those personal links against the problems and handicaps indicated was the responsibility of the postal service. High morale was not only the source of inspiration for American victories. That contribution overflowed to rejuvenate the war-weary, dispirited Allies in their hour of desperation.

To have been a factor in the maintaining of that morale is an achievement for which every member of the postal service, both military and civilian, may well be proud.

The cancelations reproduced on pages 26 and 27 are from the collection of Dr. H. A. Coleman, New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Crowds

(Continued from page 19)

the historic monuments of Great Britain. For surely English history is as much the Derby and the Grand National, Henley and Wimbledon, as it is Hastings and Runnymede and the Tower.

The Derby takes place on a curved course a mile and a half long in the shape of a horseshoe on the downs, or sloping hillsides near Epsom, fifteen miles southwest of London. Notice one thing that invariably differentiates English sport from our own: At the Cup Tie only about a fifth of the crowd sit under covered stands, the remainder stand in the rain. At our own World's Series, if you didn't get at least a seat in the bleachers you'd call a cop. This is important, for it goes all through English sport. As a people they never mind standing up all afternoon to see a football game, a horse race or a boat race. A cricket match? Well, that's something else again—after all you can't stand up three or four days on end. But as a rule they take their sports standing. The vast majority of the on-lookers at Churchill Downs are seated, whereas at Epsom only a minority, the King, the Aga Khan, the nobs and a few rich horse-owners get seats under cover. The rest stand and wait.

Or sit on the roofs of automobiles. The Derby attracts the darnedest aggregation of motor vehicles I've ever seen anywhere on earth. You can park your car right by the rail alongside the course, without any fee, too. Consequently you'll find 1911 Daimlers and ancient Austins and Citroens and Fords interspersed with Bentleys and gleaming Rollsies and Lanchesters, with char-a-

banes from the Midlands and big red London buses scattered about too. Several thousand of these buses churn down on Derby Day from the capital; they are hired by private parties who bring their lunch and see the race from the tops.

Maybe they get a good view; I don't know. The majority of the crowd has just a glimpse and nothing more. You hear hoofs pounding toward you in the distance; suddenly the horses swing around Tottenham Corner—foam-flecked mouths, a clump of gay colored jockeys with strained faces, a swirl of dust, and they're gone, vanished from sight up the course. You can't see the finish; you don't know who's won until it's announced over the loudspeaker.

But you don't come for the race. You come for the spectacle. Thousands of people are here from all over the British Isles. The Downs are a camping place for gypsies and touts for days beforehand. On the morning of the race the infield is alive with Derby bookmakers, noisy roundabouts, swing boats, cocoanut-shies, evangelists predicting the end of the world, card sharps, stalls selling fried eels, gin and bitters, half and half or anything you like. Hundreds of people, thousands of people, hundreds of thousands of people jostle and tramp all over your feet as you mill about. The next day the conservative London *Times* will estimate the crowd at about a million. Did you ever try to count a million people? I tried to, that misty day back in 1920, got as far as 654,783, and then had to stop. It got dark.

Here's one curious thing about sport in both countries. In the United States baseball, which we all look upon as our national game, draws less in individual attendance records than college football. This same phenomenon is true in the British Isles. Cricket, the national game of the English, draws less than soccer, but notice that our biggest sport is an amateur game, whereas theirs is a professional. At the leading London cricket grounds, Lords and the Kennington Oval, there is accommodation, as the British put it, "for rather more than 30,000." These grounds are filled for the Test Match against the Australians, which is the high spot of the cricket season and comes in midsummer, although strangely the record crowd for the Oval was not obtained at a Test Match but in the August Bank Holiday game between Surrey and Notts in 1925, when 31,224 paid admission. Old Trafford grounds in Manchester holds 40,000 and is invariably filled for a Test Match. Bear in mind that a first-class cricket match is played in leisurely British fashion, often taking three days to complete. In fact the English vs. Australia Test Matches can run to four or five days, in which event total attendance will reach over 150,000.

England's greatest sporting show, in my opinion, and like the Derby another huge democratic athletic festival, is the Oxford-Cambridge crew race, popularly called the Boat Race, which takes place on the last Saturday in March on the Thames at London over the four-and-a-quarter-mile stretch from Putney Bridge

to Mortlake. Cockney crowds who have never seen either Oxford or Cambridge, and never will, pack the sides of the river wearing rosettes of light or dark blue, the colors of the two universities. London's slum areas send troops of boys and girls who develop violent favorites and become fans for places they know of only as names. Punch and Judy shows go up on each bank; there are coffee stalls, peanut and fruit vendors, merchants selling banners and colors.

At the race I saw back in 1931—it was a victory for Cambridge, which has won twelve straight and every contest since the war except in 1923—I remember the crowd was more interesting than the race. There was a man haranguing a gathering on the horrors of Dartmoor prison, from personal experience, I gathered. Another exhibitionist lay on the ground shackled by chains, waiting to burst them when enough coppers fell into the hat by his side. Fiddlers bands, pipers, hurdy-gurdies and concertinas were elbowed up and down the banks, especially along the free towing path which follows the winding river on one side nearly all the way on public meadow land. There is no charge for admission except for a few reserved stands scattered along the course, but riverside gardens, house tops, hotel roofs, garage sheds and apartment house windows were informal grandstands, and the Imperial Airways sold places in half a dozen big liners of the England-to-India type, which seated eighty passengers and gave an excellent view of the race from above. A quarter of a million persons were said to have seen this event. Again I lost count before dark.

Professional soccer football is the big attendance game in England. Rugby football, or rugger, is an amateur game and seldom gets enormous crowds. Rugger is played chiefly by the expensive preparatory schools, Eton, Harrow and Winchester, and by the colleges. Its crowd is classy, as compared to the massy one that follows soccer, and contests in rugger seldom draw more than a few thousand, although for peak matches like Oxford vs. Cambridge the grounds of the Rugby Union at Twickenham outside London get a gate of 40,000 or more, while an international match, England vs. Ireland or France vs. England, packs in 70,000. The rugger grounds at Murrayfields in Edinburgh holds more, and is always full when the Sassenach from below the border comes north to challenge the Scottish lion. I cannot understand why this game draws less than soccer because it is a much more exciting game to watch, in my opinion. When four rugger forwards go down the field flipping the ball to one another as tackled, you have as exhilarating a sight as you'll get in modern sport.

The only sport where we really out-draw England is hockey, although there is now an arena at Wembley and the game is beginning (Continued on page 52)

THINK TWICE!



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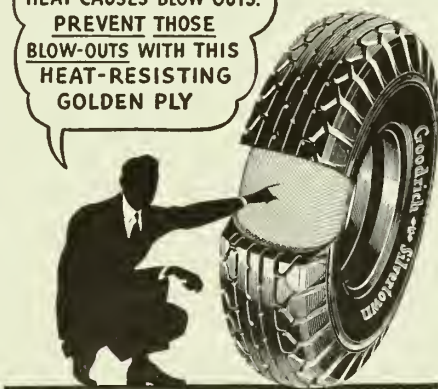
Blow-out Witness: "Cheer up, little girl . . . be a brave soldier. Nobody's hurt and your daddy will have the car fixed up good as new."

* * *

Stop and think this over *before* you have a blow-out. Gambling on tires is one of the riskiest, most expensive chances a motorist can take. Because today's speedy driving generates terrific heat *inside* the tire. Unless this heat is resisted, rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny, invisible blister forms. Bigger and BIGGER it grows until, sooner or later—BANG! It's a blow-out!

To build a safer tire that would stand up

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS.
PREVENT THOSE
BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS
HEAT-RESISTING
GOLDEN PLY



under modern driving conditions Goodrich engineers experimented, tested. Finally they hit on the greatest tire improvement in years—the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This specially constructed ply resists heat. It prevents separation of the tread and fabric. Blisters don't form. *And when you prevent the blister you prevent the high-speed blow-out!*

Silvertowns also have an amazing "road-drying" tread that acts like the windshield wiper on your car. At the first sign of a skid it sweeps away the water, giving the double outer rows of husky Silvertown cleats a drier surface to grip. And that means *extra* safety for you on wet, slippery roads.

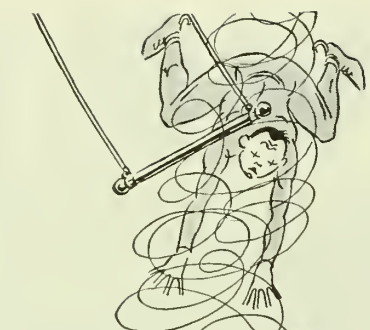
No Extra Cost

These Goodrich life-saving features are really *free*—you pay no price premium for the extra safety that is built into these big rugged tires—because Silvertowns cost not a penny more than other standard tires. When you're buying tires—play safe. See your Goodrich dealer.

FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. Prove that you want accidents prevented. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—*free*—a handsome emblem with a red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light fails.



The new **Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown**
With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection



END OF THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE



HE fell from the bar with the greatest of ease when the fumes from that gooey briar got him. Won't some usher please rush out for a pack of pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh's peaceful blend—and let the show go on? Sir Walter burns slower, cooler. The air stays cleaner, your tongue stays calmer, and its delightful aroma wins applause from any crowd. Sales go up and up as smoker after smoker finds Sir Walter Raleigh the answer to a pipe-lover's prayer for mildness and fragrance. Sold everywhere. Ever tried it?

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to catch on in London. The goofiest crowd in England, in fact the goofiest crowd I've ever seen anywhere on earth (which means, to be specific, England, the United States and the Continent), is the Wimbledon tennis crowd. The largest paid attendance at a tennis match in this country, either amateur or professional, is 16,000, but that would be beaten badly every day for two weeks at the tennis stadium at Wimbledon in Southfields, just outside London. Wimbledon began its tournaments in 1877—they are the oldest tournament in the world. When you say "Wimbledon" in English sport you refer to the big championships held there every June.

Once the Wimbledon affair was just a tennis tournament; now, like the Derby and the Boat Race and the Cup Tie, it is a national institution. The stands about the Centre Court (or, as the British say, Centre Court) seat 15,000, with room for 1,200 standing places. Backed up to it is the Number One Court with room for 7,000 more, and there are one or two other courts seating three or four thousand each, while probably a couple of thousand pay three shillings a day just to get into the grounds and walk about the exterior courts.

Seats for the Centre and Number One Court are in such demand that a ballot is held every year in February and the lucky winners, about half those who apply annually, are graciously permitted to buy a book of tickets for the twelve days at a cost of four pounds. Each February half a million dollars is returned to disappointed applicants who must then either bum seats off their lucky friends or else wait until June and pay a premium to a speculator, of a couple of dollars a seat. I have left Wimbledon on eight o'clock the evening before a finals when Bill Tilden or Helen Wills Moody were playing, and seen a long line already waiting to get one of the 1,200 standing places to be put on sale at noon the next day!

That's taking punishment. Before the match starts, probably two or three thousand nuts will have paid three shillings just to enter the grounds, watch an electric scoreboard synchronized with the one inside on the Centre Court, and listen to the cheers of a match they cannot even see. In the Wimbledon fortnight which comes the last week of June and the first week of July each year, 350,000 spectators watch the tennis stars of the world annually. The total gate at our championships at Forest Hills, Long Island, in September will never run much over 50,000.

Tennis attracts the smartest audience; greyhound racing caters to the cockneys of the East End, who bet their last shillings on the dogs, to the dismay of the

good fathers in Parliament who'd like to control them but don't seem able to do so, despite a good deal of legislation on the matter. The biggest dog-racing event of the year, the Greyhound Derby, takes place at the White City in West London in July each summer. In 1935 this event drew 87,000, a sizable crowd, fully half of whom were women. There are about twenty tracks in operation around the metropolis alone, and a fair calculation is that each summer there is a weekly attendance of a quarter of a million at these London tracks.

Don't they have huge crowds in France or Germany—don't the boys turn out for bike races and football games on the Continent? They sure do, in big numbers, but on the whole, when it comes to crowds and sporting enthusiasm, day in day out England has the world licked. By the way, I find I've omitted one sport—maybe you've noticed this slip. I haven't mentioned boxing in the British Isles. The English don't get very big crowds out for their prize fights. Need I explain why?

Maybe, also, I should have been more accurate about the word England. Because the truth is that when it comes to sporting crowds, Scotland is to England what England is to the rest of the world. Yes, they sure do take their sports hard up there in the land of mist and rain beyond the border. I spoke of that little gathering of 136,000 in Hampden Park, Glasgow, but one is forced to admit that crowds of over a hundred thousand hardly get more than a casual nod north of the Tweed.

It's an actual fact that way back in 1912, Scotland was showing us what crowds were when 127,307 spectators saw the international match with England on this same ground. In 1931, in the height of the depression in the British Isles, two games in the Scottish Cup final between Celtic and Motherwell teams drew 104,803 and 98,695. The next year Glasgow Rangers and Kilmarnock took in 105,695 in the middle of a week and 111,982 on the following Saturday.

Maybe there's a reason for this. Maybe the British as a race are more interested in sport than we are. Maybe, but I doubt it. My sporting blood refuses to let me admit that the English as a whole are keener about athletics than Americans. In fact, I think they are not. Don't they get bigger crowds? They do, but they don't get comparable gates. Possibly that's because their promoters are smarter (or less greedy) than our own.

Seats for the Cup Tie at Wembley cost \$5, but you can get in and stand up for sixty-five cents. And the point is that the majority do stand. So it goes all the way through British sport. You may see the matches on the Centre Court at

Wimbledon, provided you reach the grounds early enough to buy a standing place, for seventy-five cents. The Derby is free; so too is the Boat Race, so is the Grand National, and most golf tournaments cost only a few shillings. The Yale-Princeton game at Palmer Stadium may gross as much as \$150,000; the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia back in 1927 drew a gate of \$2,650,000—an astronomical sum in English sporting circles. The takings at the Cup Tie I saw at Wembley when 126,000 officially checked in was £27,776, or about \$140,000, which figures out around a dollar and a quarter a head. In Scotland—and you know what the Scotch are—the 111,982 spectators at the Rangers-Kilmarnock game in 1932 paid only £5,650, or about \$27,500. Contrast that with the \$198,976 taken in at the first game of the World's Series between New York and St. Louis at the Yankee Stadium on October 2, 1926, from 61,658 fans, which averages about \$3.50 a head.

Maybe you get the idea. If the boys on this side would haul down their prices we might have gates at all our sporting events comparable to the British ones, and not just occasional huge crowds at a championship fight every five or ten years. In 1934-5 the Arsenal soccer team, winner of the League, made a profit of—hold onto your chair now—£8,880, or about \$44,000. This notwithstanding a season attendance of over 1,000,000, (yes, that's right, a million) at Arsenal games. The profits of Tottenham Hotspurs, another team, were only £15,800, or \$80,000. Under the rules of the Football Association in England, seven and one-half percent is the maximum dividend that can be paid to stockholders, while directors receive no remuneration whatever. Imagine an American promoter working under such a system!

Perhaps I made a mistake in recalling to you the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia, because you may throw up at me the fact that it attracted 150,000, considerable customers in any land, and there was also the Army-Navy Game in Soldier Field, Chicago, in 1926 that was watched by 125,000. But both these events were exceptions; a hundred thousand crowd in the United States is a rarity in any sport. But they happen often enough in the British Isles from October to June to be considered the usual thing.

You'll admit New York is a fairly good sporting town, and last Thanksgiving 107,000 persons watched three gridiron clashes in the city. On that week-end three soccer games in London drew 148,000, and crowds get bigger over there as the season advances and the competition for first place in the League gets hotter. They fill stadiums all over the British Isles not for two months in the fall, as in our own football season, but for half the year, ending with the vast gathering which sees the Cup Tie in April. That's crowds, that is, brother.

MAY, 1936

HOW TO SELECT A GOOD USED CAR



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GO FIRST to your Oldsmobile dealer, if you are in the market for a good, dependable used car. He offers Safety-Tested Used Cars—cars that have been checked and conditioned with special regard to features that make for safe driving. You can identify them by the special orange-colored Safety-Tested tags—tags

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OFFERED BY YOUR

OLDSMOBILE DEALER

In the Way They Should Go

(Continued from page 23)

small monthly allowance for her own use, if the reserve permitted, and the girl was made happy.

An amount on reserve in an estate may represent compensation or pension or life insurance proceeds or adjusted compensation or funds conserved out of monthly payments to the guardian.

THEN there was the case of the boy who knew so well what he wanted. At fourteen, he yearned to own a watch. He pestered everybody in the house for a watch. He was late to school through standing before the jeweler's window gazing raptly at watches. Now a boy of fourteen can get along without a watch; he cannot eat a watch or drink it or sleep it. But the post officer, who had never quite grown up himself, recommended that the guardian be given enough leeway to see that that boy got a watch.

In the regional office hard common sense was brought to bear on the recommendation. Should it approve or not? Then some one of the force pointed out that the boy had a black mark on his record, on file, for petty filching. If he didn't get a watch the right way, he might steal one. He got the watch.

A year or two later he wanted an accordion—oh, how he wanted one! The Legion man big-brothered him again by recommending the aspiration be met. It was met. The boy lived with that accordion. He took it to bed with him. He practised morning, noon and night. He neglected his dog for that accordion. The "Cuckoo Waltz" just played itself and "Ciribiribin" and "Over the Waves." Everybody in the house was humming "Peggy O'Neil" the second week and the next the whole neighborhood lay awake listening to his nightly struggles with "When I Grow Too Old to Dream" and "A Tavern in the Town."

A traveling band playing his city two years later lost its accordion performer there. In a competition to meet the emergency the boy was first among forty entrants, and won the job. He is now Number One Accordion in that band and travels all over the country, self-supporting, in love with his work. The post welfare man says if the boy had stayed at home a little longer he'd have had him in a symphony orchestra by now.

In its responsibility for guardianship activities under the World War Veterans' and Pension acts, the Veterans Administration requires that an annual social survey be made of each of its thousands of minor beneficiaries. There were 43,937 of them on Feb. 29, 1936, in the United States and elsewhere. In each of the fifty-four regional offices of the Veterans Administration in the continental United States, a chief attorney looks after guar-

dianship matters in his region, usually an entire State. He is responsible for making the surveys. In all cases, the initial survey, upon a child's becoming a beneficiary, is made by a trained social worker of the regional-office staff. Of the annual follow-up surveys thereafter, some are made by regional-office examiners but many by members of private welfare organizations as a voluntary service.

The co-operating agencies vary in the different States. In Minnesota, The American Legion does virtually all the follow-up surveying, except for the areas stated and except in cases where there are adoptive parents. Children under adoption are surveyed in all instances by workers from the regional office. Where it is represented the Legion is the only agency recognized by the regional office for this follow-up work in Minnesota, and the office testifies to the satisfactory results of the arrangement.

Surveys of wards outside the continental United States are under direction of the Field and Insular Attorney's office of the Veterans Administration, in Washington. That office supervises, through the State Department or otherwise, guardianship cases in foreign countries and in the territorial and insular possessions of the United States. Survey reports, obtained in various ways, on little Puerto Ricans, Hawaiians, Filipinos, as well as other children, find their way to the central office. Because of diversity of race, customs and locality, they often present singular problems—but they are another story.

How does a post child welfare officer get going in this work? The regional office maintains a file of all such post officers. Each year, thirty days before the date of an accounting of guardian, the office mails to the child welfare officer in the post area of the ward the government form containing questions he is to answer after personally seeing the child.

THE questions pertain to the appearance of the child, to the kind of home he is in, to any adverse conditions observed. Is the child's clothing adequate? Does he appear to be in need of a physical examination? How about sight, hearing, teeth? With whom is he living? What is the home environment? Is he exposed to any contagious disease? What is the general reputation of guardian and ward in the community? What do you recommend?

That question as to the adequacy of the child's clothing may seem extremely personal, something close to snooping. How be sure unless one actually sees all the child's clothing? Many a post officer, acting on the advice of the regional office,

suggests that the child's entire wardrobe, meager or extensive, be shown him. Do parents object? Not often. It is enough that the Government asks it. Isn't it on the blank? Again the Legion man is calling as a friend of the child, of the family.

So what wonder if it happens again and again that little Susie—as her mother, going to closet or curtained-off corner, displays her outfitting from top to bottom and from inside out—whispers a request that gets an understanding nod of assent, so that Susie retires and presently comes forth proudly arrayed in her best Sunday or party dress, in her best shoes and her best stockings, with a new ribbon to be bowed in her hair, all for the caller's benefit? Snooping, you ask? Not at all. What normal child does not like to be the center of interest and what normal mother does not like to have some one show interest in her children? So it comes about that the welfare officer hears the child speak her latest piece or sing her choicest song, passes on the most amazing school drawing or admires the newest cut finger.

IN MOST cases the mother or other near relative is the guardian. Minor wards live with mothers who have remained widows, in homes with stepfathers, in homes where the veteran fathers are not dead but are divorced or have been adjudged mentally incompetent, with aunts, grandmothers, with persons who are not relatives at all.

In at least one area the post child welfare officer has enlisted the like officer in the Auxiliary unit to make the surveys for him. At one of her calls, where there were two wards, an excellent stepfather, and no problems whatever, a proud mother got out the school report cards, pointing out that each child was marked "A" in "Courtesy." Be it known that "Courtesy" is that which in an older day was more bluntly termed "Department" or "Conduct" or "Behavior"—the tells-all item that caused many a home-going foot to lag at the close of school, many an excuse for deferring submission of the report to expectant and want-to-know-why parents. But if children are happy in their home, are loved by their parents and merit A's for courtesy—they don't need much of anything, do they?

Conditions in the community rather than in the child's home sometimes call for righting. The post officer in a certain small town wrote to the regional office: "I have investigated this case from every angle and as a result do not think Harriet should go back to school this term. I had several interviews with the school superintendent. He maintains that she is

very backward in her studies. That may be true to some extent, but from what I can learn outside I suspect the fault is more with the superintendent than with her. He seems to me to be a harsh, bulldozing person. Harriet is of a nervous temperament that does not react favorably to his methods. I have been told that some eight or nine students have left high school this term because of him." A change of superintendents took place the next year—one suspects it was engineered by interested citizens—and, if too late to help Harriet, it may benefit other sensitive pupils.

Ordinarily, though, the schools are a post welfare officer's first resort and surest abettors. Said one: "When the Veterans Administration asked me to report on this boy, the first thing I did was to go to his school. I met the boy and his teacher, in seventh grade, and got the boy's own story before going to see his parents at the home. I learned the boy had been in school only a few days of the first six weeks of the term. At the home, I had to show the stepfather the order of the probate court to convince him that the boy had to be sent to school. I went back to the school the next day to make sure he was there. Then I arranged with the teacher to let me know every time he was absent, and I checked up his home at every absence. The school also sent me his grades in all subjects at the end of every six-week period, and I talked with him whenever he slumped. He is now in high school. The check has been continual and, after three years, is still going on."

While perhaps most of the minor ward cases can be dismissed with the annual call, to make the survey in more exacting ones challenges the post officer to do something in addition and often take much in time and attention. "I was referred to this case two years ago," a post worker related, "and have made a call there nearly every month since."

This was a do-it-yourself person, not content with making a recommendation to the regional office and going no further. The family has had constant hard luck. The mother, a soldier's widow, was left with two boys, one and two years old. One has had osteomyelitis since injuring a knee in a fall. The other has an arrested tuberculosis. The mother married again and there are five children of that marriage. The husband worked one winter in a Civilian Conservation Corps camp. Income thirty dollars a month. The family's rent was ten dollars, fuel ten; so there was all of another ten for food and clothing. The mother is in poor health, requires medical attention all the time and will have to have an operation soon. The husband is now working, five days a week, on a Federal-aid job at sixty dollars a month. The poor commission in the town thinks that his time and wage should be cut and that the monthly government allotment to the two older children (Continued on page 56)

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In the Way They Should Go

(Continued from page 55)

should be used in support of the entire family. The family of nine lives in a three-room flat in a poor tenement house.

"Conditions are considerably improved," added the doughty post worker. "The boy with bone disease has been sent to a hospital and the boy with arrested tuberculosis has had his tonsils and adenoids removed. The Legion auxiliary has furnished much needed food and clothing as well as a year's supply of milk. The church which the children attend, after being notified of the conditions, has been generous with baskets of food and such other aid as it could give."

So much for the never-say-die spirit.

There are 416 Legion posts and about 400 minor wards in Minnesota, exclusive of the Twin Cities and Duluth. Few

of the child welfare officers have more than one or two wards in their post areas; some of course have none at all. One has eight—in a single family. When a post officer fails to return a report within a reasonable time, as sometimes happens, a field examiner of the regional office makes the survey.

This Legion service in behalf of the minor wards has had at all times helpful and appreciative co-operation from C. D. Hibbard and L. E. Zumwinkle, respectively manager and chief attorney at the Veterans Administration Facility. Both are Legionnaires. The Child Welfare Committee of the Minnesota Department, of ten members, has encouraged the activity and considers it a vital part of its continuing program.

A Fool and His Stripes

(Continued from page 17)

were going to them every day. The old milishy regiment that had been howling so noisily over on the far side of the parade ground had gone somewhere, and, rumor had it, to France. We drew a couple of French officers and two non-coms to be our instructors in the new warfare. Last but not least they changed the regiment from cavalry to field artillery.

There was a great howl went up about it, but to no avail. I remember, lady, that it seemed about the last straw. These lads had been in the Army six and eight months now, and were beginning to get fed up with it. The band didn't get under their skin any more, and every day there was some new form of misery presented. The guard house began to fill up, and our old colonel decided to make it rough for the prisoners, which of course makes it equally rough for the guards.

This is all-important, lady, because it will give you an idea of how a soldier mind works. I said it was rough for the guard. A regiment of cavalry has twelve troops, but a regiment of field artillery has only six batteries. We went on guard by organizations, which meant that we were doing a guard now every sixth day instead of every twelfth. And the stripes began to fall with the autumn leaves.

First off, we had to get the prisoners up at four A.M., an hour before reveille, and march them over at double time to the showers, where they got a cold bath. Lady, that's pretty rugged treatment in Vermont, because it starts to freeze there along about the last of August. No kiddin'! Then the prisoners were brought back, at double time, and sent over to their troops for breakfast. After that, taken to work. They had to run every-

where they went, and the guard had to run, too. Which tires out the guard as much as the prisoner.

Being all soldiers together, and beginning to acquire a common pain in the neck from the general run of events, you can see where the guard wouldn't insist on the prisoners running, once they were both out of sight of the guardhouse. But the boys forgot about our colonel. Lady, I never knew what hell on wheels meant until I knew him. He wore glasses, but he could see for miles. He'd spot, somewhere, way, way off, some prisoner at a walk. When the prisoner and his guard came within speaking distance, the colonel would order the two of them to the guard house, and send for the commander of the guard, who has charge of the prisoners.

"Sergeant," the colonel would say, "these two men were not moving at double time. Now, have the guard take off his belt and go right in the guardhouse! Violation of orders, violation of orders! Now, sergeant, you take off your belt and report to your battery under arrest."

"Me, sir?" would gasp the poor sergeant, he having been half a mile away from the scene all the time.

"You're responsible for this guard. Take off your belt. Take off your stripes, too, while you're at it! Send over another sergeant to take your place!"

Well, my well-wishers in the battery saw a chance to get my stripes off me with ease. They wouldn't have to do anything, just let nature take its course.

"Did your funny tent-mates go on guard with you?" asked the lady.

Sure. That's what made it difficult. Edwards would quit post and walk away

when he got tired. My two Russians would halt everyone they saw, right in broad daylight, and if the victim didn't halt, they'd shoot at him, by gum! We had two other regiments in that post, and there were a lot of people didn't know my Russians' peculiarities. When they got the order to halt, if they paid any attention at all, they'd tell the sentry to go to elsewhere. Then when they got the contents of a .45 strewn around their ears, imagine their chagrin.

Poor old Coosby was utterly worthless as a sentinel or anything else. He let a prisoner escape, because the prisoner said he wanted to go down to Burlington and would be right back. I wasn't on guard that day, thank Heaven. But when I went on, I got plenty of grief. I never used to close an eye for twenty-four hours. I was twice as vigilant up there in Vermont as I ever was at the front in France. Because the old colonel was always looking for whom he might devour.

The guardhouse was right beside the main road, and the general commanding the brigade used to go up and down it pretty frequently. We were supposed to turn out the guard for him every time he went by. If our old colonel saw the general first, the sergeant of the guard got put under arrest for failing to turn out the guard. Regimental headquarters was opposite the guard house, and the colonel's tent next to it, and every time he went from his tent to headquarters and vice versa, the guard had to turn out. In between times the O. D. would appear, and we had to turn out for him.

The point of the game, you see, lady, was for the colonel or the O. D. to get to the guard house before the sergeant of the guard had time to turn out the guard, whereupon they'd put the sergeant of the guard under arrest. If the sergeant of the guard didn't get busted for that, he'd get busted for letting Edwards leave post, or because Coosby let a prisoner escape.

Well, thinks all the old leather-bottoms, it won't be long now before we have a vacancy for sergeant! Meaning me. We'd had three sergeants busted already. Well, they didn't get me. I didn't post Edwards at all. I told you he could run like a deer. I directed him to follow that guy with a pistol—the O. D.—and every time he headed for the guard house, to run back and tell me. We'd have the guard all ready, hiding, and the minute the sentry yelled, "Turn out the guard, offissa o' the day!" out they'd rush and into line.

Same way with the colonel. I posted Coosby where he could see through the headquarters window, and when he saw the old colonel reach for his hat, we'd turn out the guard. The other privates of the guard were sore, because it made more work for them, and they were turning out all day long when they should have been sleeping, but no one was going to protect my stripes if I didn't do it myself, so I didn't have any consideration for them.

(Continued on page 58)

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A Fool and His Stripes

(Continued from page 57)

Came October, and colder than an old maid's heart. We were artillery now, for sure. They called us the 18th Cavalry Provisional Field Artillery. Now then, lady, there are four gun sections in a battery, and a fifth section called the instrument section, which I was given to command. All the poor old hash-marked non-coms were crazy at being put in the artillery, and the idea of drawing maps and figuring firing data every day was too much for them. But there were some bright corporals, newly enlisted, that coveted the instrument sergeant's job. It had been decided also that the getting of my stripes was a question of honor. You know, lady, if you bat at a mosquito and swat him the first clip, you forget about it, but you miss him three or four times, and you just have to get up and finish him off? Well, that's the way they felt about me.

The first thing to do would be to break up my bodyguard. They put Coosby on permanent K. P. first. Poor lad! You see, we didn't have any field guns to drill with, and as we had to do something, someone had the bright idea to take the wagon body off four escort wagons. The thoroughbrace then comes apart, and you have two sets of wheels, each with a long pole, that can be used to represent the gun—the rear axle and wheels, and the limber that draws it—the front set of wheels. Two of these wagons made a gun section, and we limbered and unlimbered, changed posts, and learned standing gun-drill with them.

Coosby never could get the idea of just what effect these wagon wheels were going to have on the damyanks. Being asked as to the duties of Number One at the command, "March Order" he would stand mute. Being queried as to just what the hell he did know, he would point plaintively at the wagon pole and say, "The mules goes on that end, suh!" So they put him in the kitchen and gave him to me for the never-ending wig-wag drill for the afternoon.

"But we were really at war all this time!" gasped the lady. "Didn't anyone realize it? Didn't they ever mention it?"

I don't remember lady, I don't think so. The papers, of course, had headlines of Allied victory every morning. To read them you'd think the Germans were in a state of collapse. Remember I said we drew some French soldiers for instructors? Well, none of them could speak a word of English. The French sergeant my battery had was just so lonesome that we sent down to Winooski and got him a girl from the cotton mill that could speak French. She had a sister that was married to a mule-skinner in the supply company.

Well, they had a family party, and all got stewed, and the French sergeant con-

fessed that the French had taken the worst licking of the war that very summer, just before he had come to America, and that his regiment had mutinied and that when he came away three-fourths of the French army was in open revolt. If the authorities had paid no attention—the rumor went through the regiment like a flame—we would have just thought he was stewed, but they sent this lad back to France, where he'd keep his mouth shut, and we all knew then that he had been telling the truth. So we knew something was going on over there, though just what part we'd be able to take with our wagon wheels was a little difficult for others besides Coosby to understand.

Then, all of a sudden, we found out we were going *somewhere*. We began to draw clothing and new equipment, and box up the battery records, and make crates for the horse-covers, and morale went up like a kite. Also, a mysterious order appeared that candidates would be selected, two from each battery, to go to officers' training camp.

Here, by God, was a way to get rid of me, thought the top. None of the other sergeants wanted to go, they knew only too well what hard luck an officer was in! Nobody minds a second lieutenant. Also a couple of hundred bucks for initial outfit, having to pay for worse chow than you get at the battery mess for nothing, etc., etc. But I would go, and the K. O. would be glad to send me, and then Corporal Ildewitz would get the promotion he'd been waiting for so long.

I was willing, lady, you bet your life. I wasn't having any too happy a time there, and any change would be welcome. Also the necessary dirt and cold and promiscuity of nearly every nationality in the world were far from pleasant. I'm no snob, but there's limits, I ain't kiddin'.

So then we had the big inspection. Some general. We thought we were going to France for sure, because it was to be our last turn-out, and everybody was to be in ranks. Coosby and Edwards, too. Since they had been in my old platoon, they gave 'em to me to get in shape for the inspection. The only thing I could do was try to teach them the pistol manual, because we'd been armed with the rifle when they were drilling, and since they'd been in the kitchen, we'd had our rifles taken away from us, and been armed with pistols.

Well, the review came off, and no casualties, except that the Second Cavalry, that was still cavalry, stampeded all over Winooski County when they passed in review at the gallop. We were all on foot, having no saddles to ride in, thank God. After the review, the general decides he'll inspect a battery or two, and picks on mine! Gee Christmas! And he

picks on my section to stop and ask the state of the instruction! It was all right, the first two lads he struck he asked about map making. I was standing in front of the section, you see, and he stopped in front of Coosby.

"My lad," says the general, "have you had any instruction in wig-wag signaling?"

"Yas-suh!" says Coosby.

"What letter is this?" The general makes an M.

"Well, suh, it looks like it might be A."

"It isn't. What one is this?"

Coosby put his head on one side.

"Well, suh, I'd say it was B."

"Take a good look, my lad! It isn't A or B!"

"Well, suh, then I don't know. I ain't been taught but the two letters."

"Oh!" says the general. He looks all around, and no one dares to meet his eye. "Instruction not very thorough here, captain! This man doesn't seem to know anything!"

"No, suh," sighs Coosby, "but jest let me get up against some o' them dam-yanks! I c'n show 'em some shootin', suh!"

Yeh, maybe you laugh, lady, but you don't laugh in front of a general!

"Oh! You're a shot, are you? What did you qualify as with a rifle?"

"Expert, suh."

He had, too. Coosby could pick your teeth with a rifle at two hundred yards, and not even jar you.

"So you're an expert, hey? I suppose you've estimated distance then. How far would you say it was over there to the machine-gun stables?"

Coosby took a look. It was about twelve hundred yards across the parade ground.

"Well, suh," he said slowly, "I'd say that was about two screams an' a holler."

Now nobody dared laugh, lady, because you don't laugh with a general in the vicinity, especially when he's inspecting. While we were all holding our breath, comes a hearty chuckle from somewhere. It was Edwards. He was standing behind Coosby, and he thought it was a great joke.

"Who laughed?" barks the general. "You, there! What do you mean by laughing in ranks?"

The laugh left Edwards's face as though it had been wiped off with a sponge. We'd been especially careful for a long time with him, not to yell at him, and we were gradually getting him out of his complex for taking foot in hand and trying to run away from his shadow. But this bellow from the blue was too much for him. He wasn't going to stand for that, no sir. He lit out for distance, nearly knocking down two men in the front rank. Away he went, headed for the hills.

While all wished they were elsewhere, there was another crash, and more feet stirring the (Continued on page 60)

MAY, 1936



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A Fool and His Stripes

(Continued from page 59)

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dust. It was my two Russians, breaking ranks to pursue Edwards, like they'd been taught. Well, lady, it's nice at a time like that to be a sergeant, because you don't have to say anything. It's up to the other officers to explain. The general speaks first anyway.

"By God," said the general finally, "I don't know whether I can stand the continued shock of this sort of thing or not. We have to expect it in wartime. Who's directly responsible for the instruction of these men?"

With delight all fingers point to me. "Well, I suggest," said the general, looking me over, "that you make plain to this soldier"—pointing to Coosby—"just what war he is in!"

He passes on, after that, to the officers' club to have a ball, and restore his nerves.

Came the month of November, and bitter cold, the poor soldiers sleeping wrapped up in newspapers to keep themselves warm, and buying oil stoves with their own money because the Sibleys kept setting the tents afire. Lady, when one of those tents caught fire from the hot stove pipe, a guy just had time to get out before the whole thing was gone in one puff of flame.

We had an epidemic of boils about then, and the boys were being marched to sick call by batteries, where they took the prescribed position, and the medico just went down the line with a knife. Pretty rough, says you. Well, we tried several home-made remedies, one of which was a hot bottle, only when the bottle was applied there was no getting it off until it cooled, and as it sometimes was most painful, the spectacle of someone running shrieking with a bottle dangling was not uncommon. During this excitement, they sent Edwards to farriers' school. They felt he could do his running there for a while, and be damned to him.

"But didn't they do anything else about him?" asked the lady. "Didn't they put him somewhere where he could be taken care of? Couldn't they tell by the way he acted that he must be crazy?"

Lady, don't interrupt, please. If they put everybody in the Army away that acted as though he were crazy, they wouldn't have much Army left, especially in the higher ranks.

Also during this period I tried to make Coosby understand who our enemy was in the war, and why we were in it. I was a little vague myself as to just why we suddenly decided we weren't too proud to fight after all, and my own personal interest in it was the matter of passing solid geometry, which I never could have done, if I had had to take an examination in it, but I made plain to Coosby that we weren't fighting the damyanks anyway. He got that straight. Saddened

him, too. He seemed to lose interest right away. His sadness didn't bother me, because I was going to officers' training camp in a few weeks.

Now lady. I didn't realize, until I was officially notified that I was going, how fed up I was with that particular mode of living. November in Vermont is mid-winter. The only way we could get a hot bath was to go to Essex Junction, where there was a church that let soldiers use a hot shower they had in the cellar. Well, that church ought to have a bronze plaque of meritorious service, because I don't think our regiment would have survived without it. Our mess sergeant had spent all the mess fund on some lady he'd met up with, so we didn't have any money to buy extras with, and had to live on the straight ration. It seemed to consist of bacon, bread, and beans. Right in the midst of this happy life we discovered where the *somewhere* was that we'd been ordered to. It was Mississippi. Camp Shelby. Wherever that was. I didn't care much, because I was going to officers' training camp, anyway. So we went to Mississippi.

Lady, ask them would they mind giving you another glass of water diluted with rye, will you? Because what comes next is going to be tough. Thank you. That takes the metal fouling out of the bore!

The first thing they did when we got to Camp Shelby was to take us way, way, way out in the pines, or sticks, as they call them down there, and lose us.

Gee, that was a melancholy place! The second day we were there the first sergeant informs me calmly that the first of the month I was going to be busted. Reduced to the grade of private.

"What for?" gasps I.

"Because you're going to officers' training camp. We need the vacancy."

So the old leather-bottoms had got me at last! They didn't hide their satisfaction either. The next day I lost my job as instrument sergeant, and they gave it to the corporal who was going to be made sergeant in my place. That night Coosby deserted. I don't know whether rumors of my coming fall had anything to do with it or not, but anyway, he went over the hill. I had explained to him, and he had understood at last, that he wasn't going to fight the damyanks on a prancing horse; he was going to fight someone called German, way over thar, the other side o' that big lake he'd seen coming down from Vermont.

He didn't like being K. P. Back up the ridges, that was woman's work. If he wasn't going to fight the damyanks, only just fuss around with them ole pots an' pans, why then he'd be gittin' off home. He spoke of it to me, lady, before he went, and I told him they'd

send after him and bring him back, and shoot him, because we had orders for France, and he'd get the death penalty if he deserted now. That's the only time I ever heard Coosby laugh. The idea of any arresting officer reaching his particular ridge alive certainly amused Coosby.

Well, listen. The day before I was to go to officers' training camp, I was all packed and ready, but I had to go to drill just the same. We had been issued four real cannon then, that we drove out to the range and fired. Since I had no regular job any more, they detailed me to lay some telephone wire and take it up again when the problem was over. We didn't have a real wire cart, we just had a limber, which is a little box on two wheels, and we put the wire on that.

When the shooting was over, the rest of the outfit started back to camp, and I remained to pick up the wire. Hence I got started late. My wire detail went off across country on foot, and I decided to ride the limber in, so I hopped on, and sat down on the coil of wire. This limber was drawn by four horses, two and two, each pair driven by a man riding the nigh horse. We were still short of saddles, so one set of drivers took the battery out, and another set brought it back to give the maximum instruction in driving.

What to my wondering eyes should appear but my two Russians driving me home! I learned later that they had had a fight that afternoon. While they had Edwards to chase, it took their minds off each other, but now he was gone, they'd begun again. Right now they weren't speaking to each other.

"Move out!" says I. "Trot hoo!"

The horses knew they were headed for chow, the Russians were hungry, and we clattered down the road at a spanking trot. The pace began to increase, and I began to feel like a flea on a shaking dog.

"Hey!" I yelled. "Slow down!"

Now the nearest Russian, hearing me, yelled to the Russian on the lead horse to pull down his team, and the lead Russian, being mad, hits his team a lick with the spurs. In a second both teams were running away. Lady, they went like four rabbits, having nothing to pull but two wheels, an axle, and a sergeant. At a curve in the road, they continued on across country, over hill and dale, and over stumps, too. At the third stump I went off, like an arrow from the bow. When the Russians got home with no sign of a sergeant, they waited until after supper, and then set out looking for me. So then they sent for an ambulance and took me away to the base hospital.

"Oh!" sympathized the lady. "Were you badly hurt?"

Yeh, badly. I had landed in a sitting position on one of the stumps and I was stove in considerable. And so I didn't get to go to officers' training camp, because I spent the next three months in hospital. Lady, forgive me now, if I just tell you (Continued on page 62)



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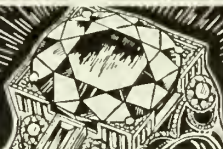
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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

A Fool and His Stripes

(Continued from page 61)

a detail, just to show you how things went in the Army in those days. When they got me to the hospital I was unconscious, so that I couldn't tell what was the matter with me, and the ambulance crew, of course, beat it as soon as they brought me into the receiving ward.

The doctor that admitted me couldn't ask me what had happened. He just drew his own conclusions. Well, lady, on my word of honor, I was admitted to hospital in the shape I was in with a diagnosis of hemorrhoids! There was a lot of hell raised about it the next day, because they should have operated on me at once, but it was all right in the end, because the operating surgeon didn't have his evening spoiled.

"Oh," said the lady, "I just think that was terrible."

It wasn't so bad. Because they couldn't bust me after all. You see it's not proper to reduce a man in rank while he's in hospital with injuries received in line of duty. So there I was safe, and no chance of losing my stripes for all the four months of the winter. And did I lay in bed and laugh every time I thought of the top's face when he heard about it! Lady, that was a laughable four months. If you will get me another glass of this extract of gas-shell, I'll tell you about it.

A further account of Sergeant Nason's wartime experiences will appear in an early issue.

Blow, Bugle, Blow!

(Continued from page 29)

enroute to Pittsburgh, they decided unanimously that the bus was strong and good enough to get them there. They were willing to face disillusionment and faced it at the foot of a Pennsylvania mountain.

Here they were, miles from anywhere, not even a filling station in sight, and the order came "all out—we'll push her over the top."

Just about a full hour later, sixty perspiring, steaming corpsmen, with the determination that they would get through, finally managed to push the disabled bus over the top with the full complement of groans and grunts. Germantown can tell you how heavy a bus is on a steep incline; they can, also, tell you the satisfaction and the sigh of relief that comes when the bus is ready to coast on the down-grade; they can tell you how they all felt when, upon reaching the top, four of the well meaning buddies nonchalantly stepped out of the bus and inquired, "Did someone say, all out?" . . . the gold-bricks had been playing pinochle.

Each corps has its own way of relaxing. One outfit that rides on day coaches, opens all doors and windows to create a draft and then meticulously slits the pillows to let the feathers stream through the car and into the opened mouths and noses of the comrades who are trying to catch their necessary forty winks. Tucson, at the psychological moment, introduces their pet bevy of bull-snakes to unsuspecting flapper waitresses, or gives their pet burro a ride on the convention city's fastest elevator with the usual disastrous results. But, only through continuous relaxation can these fellows arrive fully prepared for the great moment.

Before the crack of the pistol has completed its reverberations in the Stadium, another mighty corps files silently on to the boardwalk. So fine is the drill, so beautiful the music of this Elyria corps, that the spectators breathlessly concentrate their entire attention on Bill Hruby's great organization. Here is Elyria, probably one of the most loved corps in The American Legion and with a background of traditions that has made it known from one end of the country to the other, on the field climaxing a year's work. Fifteen minutes elapse and Elyria has passed before the thousands whose eyes now turn to that great little corps from New Albany, Indiana.

New Albany, like Elyria, is uniformed in the popular West Point Cadet style, but unlike Elyria's white and gold, New Albany is resplendent in red, white, and blue uniforms. As the starting signal is given the first drops of rain start to fall. New Albany is on with their soft, pleasing street beat—their beautifully punctuated music, and their excellent drill. New Albany cannot be demoralized because of the rain—but greater than that, so fine is New Albany that not even one spectator leaves the Stadium to protect his clothing. A great tribute to a great corps! The crack of the gun, which signifies the end of New Albany's performance, means that Marlboro, the great defending champions, are ready to go on.

Behind Marlboro . . . silent, ghost-like, and with a very definite purpose shining in their eyes, stand the still figures of Edison with their white Stetsons, their white waterproof smocks, and rain covers protecting their equipment from the downpour.

Marlboro gets off to a great start. A

tremendous cheer goes up from the stands . . . Marlboro is the universally popular corps. Here is the outfit that won two National Championships in the previous conventions, ably and efficiently directed by Harold W. Wheeler. Marlboro with their red and blue uniforms, with their drums finished in the same colors, are on! By this time the grass is reflecting facets of light from the arcs. It is damp under foot—the dampness permeates to the heads of their drums, and instead of the usual crisp, crackling staccato beats, one hears only the dull beats of one of the Legion's most efficiently trained drum sections.

Here is Marlboro greeted with a tumultuous roar that properly bespeaks their popularity. On every difficult maneuver and from every section, the roar never subsides. They are the defending champions; they are the favorites. Again Marlboro presents their difficult, intricate, fast moving drill . . . again they present their precision-like performance that won the Legion's greatest show for two consecutive years, and all too soon the fifteen-minute gun goes off.

Edison, of Chicago, finalist in many Legion competitions, is on the line. They have removed their white smocks and stand in their white military-cut uniforms, with their white Stetsons and high black boots, as the favorite of the Middle West. Here is the corps that preserves and maintains the dignity of the Legion. A signal—a flash of silver-plated bugles—and Edison's fanfare cuts through the Stadium. A step—a crack of the pistol—and Edison has entered the field in a straight line formation . . . a spectacular opening!

The applause is deafening. Again the easy professional eighteen-inch pace of Edison causes hearts to thrill in the Illinois delegation and chills to course up and down the spines of the other thousands who eagerly await Edison's performance each year in the finals. Once again Fred Specht, their inimitable drum major, steps out with his beautiful, graceful stride, leading the corps to a destiny unknown for the present. Edison's exhibition is strictly along precise military lines, and dignified. The concert number "Light Cavalry" once again causes the crowd to join in an ovation.

The ominous scoreboard by this time records the score of Elyria, New Albany, and Marlboro, ranking respectively 3-2-1. Edison realizes that the score of 94 percent plus, that Marlboro has, will require every ounce of their energy and coordination to equal, let alone better.

The minutes are slipping by all too quickly . . . the warning gun has fired . . . the spectators are more tense over Edison than over any corps that has ever entered the competition; they are wondering if Edison will clear the field in time to avoid overtime penalties, and Edison nonchalantly opens up with another march and strides precisely down the

field. They execute a column movement with utter disregard of the fact that the warning gun has fired. By this time the drum majors have been switched, and Norris Green is in command.

Suddenly the corps is in company front—just a few feet removed from the finish line. It is a matter of seconds . . . there are shouts to "get off" . . . "run off" . . . "jump off" . . . anything, but get off the field before they are penalized. Nonchalantly bugles are lifted—a fanfare given, and with only about three seconds left, the corps suddenly executes a to-the-rear, takes three forward steps, clears the field, and the gun fires! No competition in the history of The American Legion has ever heard such a tumultuous roar of acclaim. It is the most spectacular stunt so far.

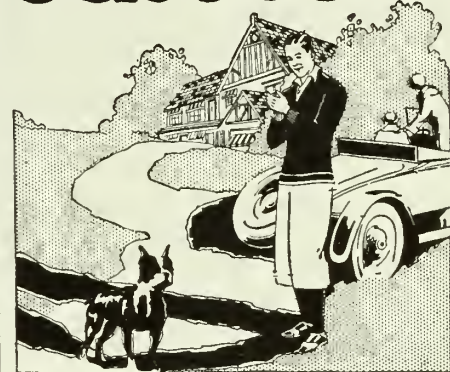
La Porte, commanded and directed by the one and only Joe McCurdy, is ready to step off—La Porte, the present champions of Indiana, another great finalist and another great favorite. The crowd seem to realize they are about to witness the proverbial battle between a Goliath (Edison) and David (La Porte), for La Porte has only thirty-two men. This is the corps that originated the soft, silent, hardly audible cadence beat of drums. With the murmur of tenor drums (those large, barrel-like instruments) and hardly audible afterbeat, La Porte comes on the field.

Here is a corps that retains the regulation bugle, playing beautifully arranged numbers of the old conventional tunes with the exception of one or two, including the concert number which McCurdy himself has arranged. In concert formation . . . the crowd is satisfied. They expect a great performance from McCurdy, as soloist backed up by his wonderful corps. He carries on! His solos, his cadenzas, his modulations, are an epic! He is probably one of the greatest baritone buglers of all time, and can execute impossible passages covering all the nuances of dynamics and tone shading. Applause for him and for his corps is deafening. La Porte traditionally is marvelous—they are superb tonight. The rain which has temporarily subsided comes down again.

Miami is on the field. Miami, the favorite of thousands, the only corps in this final competition that has won four National Championships. Again, under the able commandership of Harvey Howard, and directorship of Caesar La Monaca, they are attempting a comeback. Just before Miami takes the field, the score of Edison—95.915—is placed upon the scoreboard. Ninety-five percent, which is an almost impossible score to beat or even equal, greets Miami.

One wonders if the tremendous applause and ovation can offset the dampening effect of the rain and the demoralizing effect of Edison's high score. Another fanfare—a soft beat—a crack of the pistol; and Miami (*Continued on page 64*)

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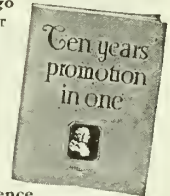
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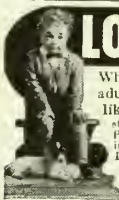
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Blow, Bugle, Blow!

(Continued from page 63)

is on the field, dressed in their white uniforms trimmed in orange, legs encased in leather puttees, their bugles in silver, their pure white drums, they present a picture that can never be forgotten.

Now to the tune of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" they execute one of the most difficult drills ever seen on a competition field. In their concert number all eyes are concentrated on the graceful direction of Caesar La Monaca. Miami's concert selection is beautiful! . . . Cleverly arranged, full of effects, and rich in harmony. They are doing an excellent job. As Miami leaves the field, properly receiving a tremendous ovation, the spectators realize now that the battle of champions is well under way, for these corps are indeed champions—and this their finest show.

With hardly a pause, East Orange takes the field. Again the acclaim of spectators, for this beautifully-uniformed corps is another old convention favorite, dating from Louisville in 1929. These are the past champions of New Jersey, directed by Richard Wilte and drilled by Claude Dwyer. Theirs is a beautiful show enhanced by exceptional music composed by Captain Philip Enger, formerly of West Point. This is a great corps instructed by a great musician.

Following on the heels of East Orange comes Morristown, champions of their State in 1934-35, directed by Arthur Linde, resplendent in their black and white Cadet uniforms. New Jersey is well represented tonight. Morristown, too, receives a goodly portion of the applause, for they were finalists the preceding year in Miami and their great music this year promises to put them very close to the top. This is a striking corps and one of the finest trained and equipped that has yet appeared.

Morristown is followed by that great corps from Malden, Massachusetts. Here is another outfit uniformed in the popular style of West Point. The colors are similar to those of New Albany—white trousers striped in red, coats of red with blue cavalry twill, chrome buttons, blue hats with red top, white visors, and white plumes. Malden is one of the larger corps, having sixty men in line, and enjoys the title of New England champion. They are drum majored by Ernest W. Place, formerly of Racine, who has in his own right many trophies which bespeak his ability as a drum major. Malden's music is outstanding and the drum section is one of the finest trained units in the country. That isn't surprising when it is known that a man like Bob Parsons is their instructor. They are truly one of the most colorful outfits in the competition.

Out of Stratford, Connecticut, to add further honors to the great eastern

corps that appear in these finals, comes Jim Bulkeley's great organization. (By this time the scores of the other corps have been placed on the board. Edison stands out first with over 95; Morristown is running close to Edison, with practically a 95 score; Marlboro has received the news they are just a tenth of a point behind Morristown; La Porte is close to Marlboro, lacking a mere three-tenths of a percent, and Malden's score is in the offing. Miami has dropped to slightly over 93; East Orange, to practically 94, and so far that mark of Commonwealth Edison seems impossible to reach or to equal.)

So it goes as Stratford takes the wet field. They are the youngest corps in the competition—just four years old, and organized by Jim Bulkeley. It is their first National Convention competition, but they have a background of winning their State Championship earlier in the year and of getting third place in the annual competition at West New York, New Jersey. Stratford, both post and town, can well be proud of its corps. They play like inspired musicians and they are out there definitely and positively to win. The crowd pays them a great tribute. This is one corps that must be reckoned with at future conventions.

(Malden's score goes up . . . they are standing directly beneath the score of La Porte, lacking just one-tenth of a point to equal it.)

Out of the West comes Bill Osmond's romantic corps . . . The Caballeros of California. San Gabriel is awaiting the signal. San Gabriel is faced with a triply impossible problem, that of equaling Edison's mark, that of marching on a wet field, and of preserving the morale of their organization. They have journeyed a long way to fight for that Yellow Flag, obtaining funds only at the last minute through tremendous efforts in a fund-raising campaign. It is murmured that San Gabriel is the competition's "dark horse."

The spectators take a new lease on life, for the contest by this time is two and a half hours old. The romance of old California seems to emanate from these gloriously-costumed caballeros standing at company front awaiting the signal that will send them to fame or defeat.

San Gabriel's opening is as colorful as their uniforms; their music is exquisitely arranged; it is peculiarly mellow, sweet, and harmonious and yet never lacking in volume. They have one of the most perfectly-trained corps that has ever been seen—they have achieved a mark of perfection that any corps' authority would deem impossible. It is, without question, the most phenomenal outfit ever seen in The American Legion. Their

opening medley of war songs brings tears to the eyes.

From this they pass into a rendition of "Nearer My God To Thee" which makes this hymn an epic. It is perfectly understandable to those who hear it, that this is the greatest and most beautiful rendition of that hymn that can ever be heard. Following that comes, naturally, Taps. To the departed soldiers of the A. E. F., San Gabriel's tribute is so beautiful, so great, that the crowd of 45,000 spectators understand the reason for and the true spirit of The American Legion.

Houston Post of Germantown, Pennsylvania, is on the line. This is the last corps of the night. They are elaborately uniformed in Oxford gray tunics, dark breeches, black puttees, and shoes, white Sam Browne belts, pistol lanyards and gray Stetsons . . . one of the most colorfully-uniformed corps in the finals. Here is a corps entering the contest field that has two difficult marks at which to shoot: The known score of Edison and the unknown score of San Gabriel, but Jack Horner, their captain and inspired leader, is equal to the occasion. He has full confidence in their military excellence and precision, and their ability to execute perfectly the music that he so painstakingly arranged for their exclusive use.

Their entrance on to the field consists of a short flourish played while the corps is stretched in single line formation for a distance of approximately fifty yards and with the colors placed in the center. As in the case of Edison, Houston Post steps forward as one man in a full company front playing a stirring march. Here is a military outfit with a full thirty-inch step, going first to platoon fronts, company fronts, and then sending the colors to the front for a salute to the judges.

Now they go into a massed formation base, and execute several movements

back and forth across the narrow width of the field, and from there to a quick series of platoon movements. They now organize into a gigantic cross, 25 men wide from tip to tip, 60 feet in length. From this cross they perform a series of intricate and exceptionally difficult movements (with and without music) which are bewildering to the spectators. Following a number of intricate corps movements Director Horner brings nine buglers from the ranks, places them in front of the corps, where they play "Swanee River." The effect is that of a brass sextette and a trio of trombones. As a portion of this selection nears its climax, the whole ensemble joins with a loud crescendo and then diminishes, letting the effect die away to an expiring softness. To the martial strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers" they take their triumphal exit. The show is over! Nothing remains but the decision of the judges.

Visibly the score of Edison leads the field, but the scores of San Gabriel and Germantown are yet unannounced. Now the resonant voice of the Legion's official announcer, Biff Carr of Evansville, bursts from the loud speakers . . . "A New Champion Has Been Crowned!" It's San Gabriel! Lacking eight one hundredths of one percent Germantown places second, and Edison of Chicago third. In order follow Morristown, Marlboro, La Porte, Malden, Stratford, East Orange, Miami, New Albany, and Elyria. Out of these twelve finalists only three point forty-four percent separates first place from last. The curtain is ringing down on the greatest show of the year. The American Legion gives to its admiring and attentive audience its finest drum and bugle corps exhibition. Honor, glory, and the spoils to the winner; disappointments and heartbreaks galore!

Well, you know the saying—"The first hundred years are the hardest."

History Reports to General Harbord

(Continued from page 35)

was lost. After Soissons, Harbord had to bid his farewell to arms by an unwelcome order to take command of the Services of Supply. American troops and material had been pouring into France, causing dangerous congestion at the docks. Washington proposed sending General Goethals of Panama Canal fame to cope with the situation and was ready to give him an independent command. Pershing rightly believed that "the officer who directed the Army was the one to control its supply through a military subordinate responsible to him alone." He picked Harbord for this toughest of jobs.

That assignment was a brilliant suc-

cess. It demanded high executive ability, drive, and not a little diplomacy. Harbord had all three. The Army got its supplies. The experience helped train a president for the Radio Corporation of America. And the S. O. S., "the forgotten men of the A. E. F.," won an historian.

Veterans of other services will find much of novel interest in Harbord's account of the workings of the S. O. S. Dock congestion was relieved by a clever scheme suggested by one of the General's aides, Captain Fielding Robinson: A competition for fastest unloading of supplies between the homesick Negro stevedore companies which had been lagging. The prize (Continued on page 66)

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FOR MEN WHO CARE

History Reports to General Harbord

(Continued from page 65)



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was a promise (faithfully kept) that the winning company would be the first to go home when the war was over. Freight, moved to ragtime music by regimental bands, fairly flew.

The manifold activities of the S. O. S. moved forward. Yet toward the last, through no inherent fault, they almost broke down.

Due largely to French and British insistence that American combat troops be rushed over in the shipping they (the Allies) furnished, the American program was thrown out of balance by the early summer of 1918. A shortage of supplies and supply troops developed and grew more and more alarming. As a consequence, Pershing was forced into a gamble he should not have had to take. "So serious was this situation," writes Harbord, "that in the final campaign of the Meuse-Argonne the Commander-in-Chief had to strip the S. O. S. of every man and animal that could be strong-armed out of the much undermanned Services of Supply. It is certain that if the Armistice had not come when it did, there would have had to have been a suspension of hostilities and movement until

the supply and the troop program could be brought back into balance." It was as near a thing as that.

It is not a cheerful picture that General Harbord paints in his last chapter. If there was a common sentiment for which the Allied millions fought, wasn't it, he asks, their belief in the sanctity of treaties? Present events brand that as a lost cause. "Unpreparedness," he adds, "brings excessive losses in lives and treasure. After a war we invariably retrench at the price of preparedness. In time the vicious circle completes itself, and we again enter a war unprepared. We have learned nothing from our experience in any of our wars." Such is the verdict of a soldier whose heart, as many can declare, still is with the Army he has loved all his life, though he retired from it on thirty years' service and has made good in big business.

"Let us hope," Harbord ends, "that other generations of Americans, if there must be war, will have a Pershing of their day to lead their armies."

Let us hope, too, that the Pershing of any future time of need will have a Harbord to stand at his right hand.

Schools and You

(Continued from page 6)

inside the school system to be successful. There can be no hard and fast line of demarcation between outside and inside responsibilities. The public should move along in its understanding of the need of changing content and methods to keep up with changing conditions. The school people should acquire more finesse in dealing with finance. On the outside this means attention to the support of public education to the end that the training of our children may be uninterrupted and educational equality of opportunity be guaranteed. This problem is before Congress and every state legislature.

In Congress it involves two principles. The one is Federal aid for emergency purposes. The other is a permanent policy of Federal aid for education. Just as it is necessary for the State to assume responsibility for equalizing education within its borders, so the nation will have to do the same as among States. It should be possible to do without taking the supervision and control away from local and state governments.

As the taxation system is reconditioned, the school must be included. To do otherwise is to threaten democracy.

The stretching of the program at both ends to include nursery schools and adult education is a recognition of the principle that education is a process continuous

with life and not something that begins automatically at the age of five and ends abruptly at the age of twenty-one. Why shouldn't the schoolhouse be a service station for the procession of humanity on the highway of life, both old and young?

Many more points should be included, but let's take a look at the inside problems. How shall we as educators fit the young generation in and out of school to meet situations as undreamed of as once were insulin, rumble seats, skyscrapers?

Is not that the direction in which we are moving as we seek to realize the cardinal objectives of the school reinforced by the home and the church and all supplemental agencies which emphasize character? Take the curriculum, for example. Much is being done to lop off the outworn, connect content with real life situations, and take the guesswork out of results. The story of the developments is as romantic and fascinating as a house of magic. It just needs an interpreter. Witness how the dunce cap has been replaced by the achievement and intelligence test, the birch rod by participation. Check it up yourself: Poetry for pure enjoyment and not for tedious analysis, the meaning of history rather than the memorization of dates, rules of hygiene instead of mere names of bones, budgets instead of cube root.

The course of study is being constantly changed to meet changing needs. Today's children must be trained for tomorrow and not for yesterday. Follow the developments in music and the cultural subjects. Recently we had a state music festival in Iowa where more than five thousand high school pupils participated in the finals. They had been chosen from 32,000 who took part in district and sub-district performances. Last year we held a state fair music day in which state-wide massed bands, high school glee clubs and a chorus of rural school choirs were represented. Did you ever carry flute or violin to school along with speller or geography?

Guidance in choosing life careers, wholesome use of leisure time, safety and health habits, social understanding, and international goodwill are among the new attitudes brought to importance by the times. Character is still required. Nothing that science has perfected has changed the definition of the virtues, or the necessity of them.

Our young citizenry should come through their educational experiences to appreciate the great heritage that is theirs. The Stars and Stripes symbolizes the greatest advance that has ever been made in substituting the home for the castle, the schoolhouse for the citadel, the plow for the sword. We have yet a long way to go, but with thorough understanding, appreciation of each other's point of view, and love of country, we can move forward with confidence.

There is no reason why American Legion and American Legion Auxiliary members and members of the National Education Association cannot achieve progress if they have a definite, constructive program and work together toward its accomplishment.

We do not ask for co-operation simply because we are Legion members or laborers or teachers, but because the cause is right, because of its importance to the future.

Let those of us who are charged with the duty of leadership live up to its responsibilities. The schools belong to the people. They represent the aspiration of

fathers and mothers for their children—the hope of all our people for the future welfare of a nation which depends upon citizens who are well enough educated to govern themselves.

Only through a program of educational interpretation which will enlist the support of all can our schools go forward as rapidly as their modernized, streamlined program of education will enable them to go. Observance of American Education Week, citizens' conferences, school publications, the daily press in a year-round program of public relations, will bring the school to the people and the people to the school.

The National Education Association is especially pleased that The American Legion expressed itself so vigorously on behalf of Federal aid for education in the resolutions which it adopted in its National Convention at St. Louis. We on the inside will assuredly always be grateful for all the help which The American Legion, with its program and its high ideals, may be able to give us in our work.

Miss Agnes Samuelson, President of the National Education Association and Iowa Superintendent of Public Instruction, is an active charter member of The American Legion Auxiliary of Iowa, belonging to the Sergy Post Unit of Clarinda through her brother, Legionnaire Dr. Carl A. Samuelson. She was Unit Historian eight years, has been Department Auxiliary Chairman of Education of War Orphans the last three years, co-operated in her state position with the Iowa Department of The American Legion in putting a course on highway safety in the public schools, and has long exerted her full personal and official influence to the promotion of American Education Week. Miss Samuelson's first formal broadcast after her elevation to the presidency of the N. E. A. was under the auspices of the Iowa Department of The American Legion. It is interesting to note that the National Commander of The American Legion, United States Commissioner of Education John W. Studebaker, and the President of the National Education Association are all Iowans.

THE Monthly discontinued selling reproductions of its cover designs, with the December, 1935 issue. But so many requests have come in for the March cover depicting Old Ironsides, the U. S. S. Constitution, by W. J. Aylward, that the Monthly has had made up a number of these full-color reproductions, in a form suitable for framing. They may be obtained for ten cents in coin or stamps. Address Cover Print Department, American Legion Monthly, Indianapolis, Ind.



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Got a Housing Problem?

(Continued from page 21)

The income expectancy of the applicant has a great deal to do with the insurability of the mortgage, which may run for as long as twenty years. There must be no encumbrances on the property other than this single first mortgage. The monthly payments, which are paid like rent and are absolutely mandatory, include interest, part payment on the principal, fire and other hazard insurance premiums, taxes, assessments and all other fixed charges which can be estimated. In other words, the monthly payment on the loan is the only payment which the borrower has to meet.

A Legionnaire who receives the average of \$637.77 in payment for his adjusted compensation certificate will have the necessary twenty percent down payment for a home costing \$3,188.85 complete with land, house and necessary permanent equipment.

If his present and prospective income through the next twenty years justifies such a loan, he should be able to get an insured mortgage for \$2500, in round figures. The monthly payment on a \$2500 mortgage for twenty years to reduce the principal, to pay interest at the rate of five percent per year on the monthly reduced balances, to pay the mortgage insurance premium, and to pay the average monthly fee for servicing the loan, is \$18.18. Added to this monthly payment will be one-twelfth of the estimated total of the year's taxes, premiums for hazard insurance, assessments, and other fixed charges.

The payments on taxes, hazard insurance and assessments have to be figured out for each mortgage separately. A rough average estimate for the country as a whole is \$7.30 monthly.

Thirty-seven percent of the home mortgages thus far accepted for insurance by the Federal Housing Administration have been for \$2500 or less. Up through March 6th all mortgages insured totaled 52,762 for a value of \$213,036,632.

Let us cite some individual cases from records of the Housing Administration:

A clerk in Texas was able to build a home costing \$3150 through an insured mortgage of \$2500, running for fourteen years and eleven months—for a monthly payment of \$27.48. His income is \$135 a month. This monthly payment, as are others to be cited, includes all charges.

An assistant chemist in Nebraska bought a \$2775 home through a \$2200 insured mortgage with monthly payments of \$19.45 over a period of nineteen years and nine months; his income was \$83.50 a month.

A telephone workman in Texas bought a \$2000 home through a \$1600 insured mortgage with monthly payments of \$14.20 for 20 years. His income is \$135 a month.

In the home modernization or repair field a total of 860,762 modernization and repair loans for \$302,071,648 had been insured up to March 6th by the Housing Administration.

A Legionnaire or other veteran who is the owner or a long-term tenant of any type of improved property—residential, commercial or industrial—may apply to any bank, trust company or other institution approved for the purpose by the Federal Housing Administration for an insured modernization loan. Such a loan must be used exclusively for the repairs, alterations or additions to property already improved or for the purchase and installation of certain types of machinery and equipment. The maximum sum which can be borrowed for improvement of any residential property is \$2,000 for each property.

The veteran settles all details of the loan with the financial institution to which he applies, within the regulations of the Federal Housing Administration. These regulations are, broadly, that the life of the note cannot be longer than five years, the payments must be made monthly, except where the income of the veteran is received from the sale of agricultural products (in which case payments may be made seasonally). The maximum charges, including interest and all fees, cannot exceed the equivalent of five dollars discount per \$100 face amount of a one-year monthly instalment note. The veteran seeking such a loan must assure the lending agency of his reasonable ability to repay it within the time agreed upon. Regulations of the Housing Administration do not demand collateral, security or endorsement by anyone except the applicant. The lending agency, however, has the right to demand either or both.

And now let's consider that 4.37 percent of certificate holders who have declared their intention of using the proceeds of their Adjusted Compensation bonds for the acquisition of a farm and the 6.26 percent who have signified their intention of purchasing new farming equipment. The first group includes 37,140 Legionnaires, the second 53,180.

These Legionnaires may find in many instances that they can use the proceeds of their bonus bonds as down payment upon a farm and finance the balance over an extended period of time through the facilities of the Farm Credit Administration. If the bonds are not sufficient to make the full down payment required, a conference with a local representative of that organization may be helpful in determining just what may be accomplished toward farm ownership.

Two types of mortgage loans are made by the Farm Credit Administration. One is the Federal Land Bank loan, which

may be made only upon the security of a first mortgage, on farm land, including the buildings and other improvements on the land. The other is the Land Bank Commissioner loan, which may be secured by either a first or second mortgage covering the farm land and improvements. Such loans, extending twenty to thirty years, may be made to any veteran who is engaged, or shortly to become engaged, in farming operations, including livestock raising.

Under satisfactory conditions a veteran may borrow from the Federal Land Bank and the Land Bank Commissioner as much as seventy-five percent of the normal value of the farm he wishes to buy. It must be remembered, however, that loans are made on the basis of the appraised normal value of the farm for agricultural purposes and not upon sales value. In some instances the sales value may be in excess of the appraised value and consequently the veteran would not be able to borrow seventy-five percent of the selling price of the farm he desires.

In determining whether an application for a loan will be approved or rejected, some of the other factors that are considered, in addition to the appraised value of the farm, are the past and prospective earnings of the farm, the credit standing of the veteran, the equity in the farm, his ability as a farmer, his financial standing, his moral character.

For the Legionnaire who is farming and wants to buy implements or equipment, as 53,180 Legionnaires have said they did, there are Production Credit Association loans available.

Such loans are made upon the security of crops, livestock or, where necessary, on other personal property. They may be used for a wide variety of purposes, such as purchase of seed, feed, fertilizer, spray material, machinery or farm supplies, purchase of cattle, or to hire labor.

The Federal Land Banks, operating under the Farm Credit Administration, have upwards of 25,000 farms for sale upon the purchase of which veterans may in many instances use their bonus as a first payment; and finance the balance of the purchase with a long-term Federal Land Bank loan, purchase-money mort-

gage or real-estate contract with the bank.

These farms are located in every State of the Union. A catalogue recently issued listed 296 places available in Indiana. They represented an average size of 141 acres, at an average price of \$40.21 per acre, or \$5675 a farm. An Indiana veteran will find farms on this list to fit the size of the operation he has in mind, as well as his pocketbook. The list offers farms of from forty acres at \$500 to 626 acres at \$22,500. Similar opportunities for farm purchase are found in every other State.

All of these farms have been acquired during past years in connection with loans made on them by the Land Banks. Most of them are now rented but on terms permitting early sale.

Legionnaires should understand, however, that these farms have come into the hands of the Farm Credit Administration because some other farmer failed to meet his loans upon them. For this reason, they should be sure that the farm they are purchasing is worth the price they pay for it and that its production will be such as to meet the annual payments for which they obligate themselves.

Many Legionnaires who want to apply their bonus to the purchase of a farm are already looking around for suitable property. It is none too early to do this. The Farm Credit Administration states that when a veteran finds the place he wants to buy he may file application for it, have it appraised and make application for a loan, so that when he receives his Adjusted Service Bonds with which to make the down payment, the transaction may be immediately completed. The cost of these preliminaries and the appraisal will run about \$11.

Bert Patterson, Legionnaire of Gridley, Livingston County, Illinois, is one of these early birds. He purchased a 238-acre farm near Steelville, Missouri, and will use his bonus to provide a large part of the down payment.

He closed a deal by which he says the yearly payments on his new farm will be no more than he is paying as pasture rent alone on the place he has been renting for the last few years.

IF YOU WANT TO BUILD OR BUY A HOME

GO TO a bank, trust company, building and loan association or other agency approved as a mortgagor by the Federal Housing Administration and lay your plans for building or buying a piece of property before an officer of that institution. If the lending agency agrees to make the loan, you may then make application for insurance on the mortgage by the Federal Housing Administration. In seeking loans, which will be insured under the Housing Act, the veteran must have at least twenty percent of the appraised value of the property or cost of construction in cash, land or their equivalent. Bonus bonds may constitute all or part of this twenty percent.



IS LASTING INDEPENDENCE!

Owning a good farm assures you a good job, a contented home life and your future INDEPENDENCE.

Farm income is steadily increasing. During 1935 total farm income in Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and Tennessee -- the states served by the Federal Land Bank of Louisville showed a gain of 31.7% over 1934. The U.S. average was 12%. This means that farm owners in the States listed above are enjoying a greater prosperity than any other section.

Buy a FARM with your BONUS BONDS

Your opportunity of a lifetime is here to insure your happiness and establish your future. Invest your Bonus Bonds in a good farm. Today you can purchase a farm with 1/5 cash - balance payable in 33 years - 4 1/2% interest. For complete details mail coupon.

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Send me information on a farm in
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Address _____

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MODEL 69 .22 REPEATER

BOLT ACTION
SIX SHOTS

Yours at Surprisingly Low Cost

NEWEST and lowest in price of the eight different .22 caliber rim fire repeating rifles that Winchester makes, Model 69 stacks up wonderfully. Full man's size. Special bolt action with shooting qualities, convenience and safety second only to that of the great Winchester Model 52. Finely accurate 25-inch tapered Winchester proof-marked barrel. Covered metal bead front sight on ramp base; click-adjusting peep sight at rear of receiver. Two regular target 5-shot box magazines, one for shorts, one for longs and long rifles. Overall length 42 inches. Weight 5 lbs. Takedown. Shoots both regular .22s and Super Speeds or Super-Xs.

See Model 69 and single-shot Models 68 and 67 at your dealer's. For folders on all three--FREE--write to Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Dept. 25-C, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

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\$1260 to \$2100 Year

Ex-Service Men
get preference.

40 hour postal
week should
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appointments.

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AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY.

THIS binder is strong, artistic in design, beauti-
fully embossed in gold, and made of blue artificial
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Inventor

Why worry and suffer any longer?
Learn about our perfected
invention for all forms of re-
ducible rupture. Automatic air
cushion acting as an agent to
assist Nature has brought hap-
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natural strengthening of the weak-
ened muscles.* Weighs but a few
ounces, is inconspicuous and
sanitary. No obnoxious springs or hard pads.
No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. SENT
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for full information sent free in plain envelope.
All correspondence confidential.

BROOKS COMPANY, 150 State St., Marshall, Mich.

THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

February 29, 1936

Assets

| | | |
|---|----------------|--------------|
| Cash on hand and on deposit..... | \$ | 391,914.88 |
| Notes and accounts receivable..... | | 42,340.27 |
| Inventories..... | | 92,126.85 |
| Invested funds..... | \$1,387,645.35 | |
| Reserve for invest- ment valuation..... | 9,625.38 | 1,397,270.73 |
| Permanent investments: | | |
| Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund..... | | 186,947.88 |
| Improved real estate, office building, Washington, D. C. less deprecia- tion..... | | 130,220.97 |
| Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation..... | | 34,793.86 |
| Deferred charges..... | | 20,983.69 |
| | \$2,296,599.13 | |

Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|----------------|
| Current liabilities..... | \$ | 55,462.32 |
| Funds restricted as to use..... | | 24,046.75 |
| Deferred income..... | | 364,798.76 |
| Permanent trust: | | |
| Overseas Graves Decoration Trust | | 186,947.88 |
| | \$ | 631,255.71 |
| Net Worth: | | |
| Restricted capital.\$1,315,882.36 | | |
| Unrestricted capital..... | 349,461.06 | \$1,665,343.42 |
| | \$2,296,599.13 | |

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Faces to the Sun

(Continued from page 33)

ginning. It will help if every prospective father will urge his wife to go to a good doctor as soon as she knows she is to become a mother. She may like him to go with her on her first visit to the doctor."

Each post has been asked to create an active committee on maternal care, with physicians among its members, to conduct a campaign to insure adequate community understanding of maternity problems and general observance of the proper principles of maternity care.

School Awards and Baseball

MAY is the month of grammar school commencements. If your post has never bestowed The American Legion School Award Medal upon the honor students of the graduating classes of your own community, this would be a good month to establish the custom. The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion, in Indianapolis, Indiana, will send your post upon request a copy of the four-page bulletin showing the two sides of the honor medal and giving all information about the methods used in selecting those to receive it. The bulletin also describes The American Legion School Award Plaque, a bronze tablet for schools, upon which the names of the medal winners may be inscribed.

If you are writing to the National Americanism Commission, you might also ask for a copy of the 1936 edition of the booklet on Junior Baseball. This gives all the playing rules for the new year, describes the new plan for the

national competition, and presents other information.

Legion High School Club

CLARENCE FIELDS POST of Ashland, Kentucky, concluded that Memorial Day and other holidays gave it all-too-few opportunities to bring to the students of Ashland's senior high school knowledge of the things for which the Legion stands. The result was the formation of the Chevrons Club of thirty boys, with a Legionnaire advisor for each boy. Legionnaire Fred Riggsby, a member of the faculty, directs the club and meetings are held weekly. A principal aim of the sponsors, writes Post Adjutant V. L. Sturgill, is to help the boys choose their life vocations.

Roll Call

MISS Agnes Samuelson, who wrote "Schools and You," is a member of the Auxiliary Unit of Sergy Post, Clarinda, Iowa . . . Frederick Palmer belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Leonard H. Nason belongs to Crosscup-Pishon Post, Boston, and John Thomas Taylor to George Washington Post, Washington, D. C. . . . Frank E. Morse is chairman of the Child Welfare Committee of the Department of Minnesota . . . John R. Tunis is a member of Winchendon (Massachusetts) Post . . . Fairfax Downey belongs to Second Division Post of New York . . . William A. Kenyon is a member of Paris Post . . .

PHILIP VON BLON

Where Sleep the Brave

(Continued from page 38)

outfit I do not know as he was patently well above draft age. He told me he explained to the recruiting officers that he was just growing out of his second childhood and so was eligible to enlist. My best recollection of him is of a day when, more or less under the influence, he offered to bet that he could take every non-com in the outfit, one at a time or all at once, out on a log in the Oise River and drown the crew. Having no enthusiasm for a watery death, none of us took him up."

WAR material captured from the enemy was shipped to this country in abundance following the World War and there is hardly a community that doesn't boast a machine-gun, a cannon or other trophy. Of course the trophies that always impressed us in our

childhood visits to historical museums were the captured battle flags, but knowing that in this last war we didn't follow the flag into battle we took it for granted that such battle prizes were things of the past.

Legionnaire C. Stewart Peterson of 149 West 84th Street, New York City, who served as a lieutenant during the war, has stepped forward, however, with some real news. Read what he reports and then perhaps you can help him in his search.

"Since time immemorial," writes Peterson, "the captured enemy battle flag has been a symbol of victory. In the World War this was changed as the modern warrior leaves his flag behind and goes forth to vanquish the foe and return victorious without the enemy's flag.

"My regiment left for France in the summer of 1917 and we landed with the first few thousand Americans there. Since the war I served as a Field Artillery officer in the Philippines and later in the Reserves in the Second Corps Area.

"During the war and in the years since then I have made an extensive research through interviews, correspondence and visits to museums, for captured World War battle flags. In more recent years I have received the generous aid of former Army and Navy officials, the service departments in Washington and several patriotic societies.

"In my research I found that there are three German naval flags in the museum at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, as follows: (1) Ensign from the German submarine U. C. 113, taken when she came into Brest, France, shortly after the Armistice; (2) Ensign from the German Cruiser *Geier* which was interned at Honolulu, Hawaii, November 8, 1916, and later seized by the United States; (3) Flag from S. M. S. *Cormoran*, salvaged from the wreck of that German vessel after she was sunk at Guam, April 6, 1917.

"My research has not as yet brought to light any captured World War army battle flags, although such colors may be in the possession of Americans somewhere. Enemy colors might have been acquired from planes that fell in battle or from some town hall of a captured village enveloped by a mass movement of our Army. Nor could I locate any captured American Army battle colors in Germany, including my search of the military museum in Berlin during the two visits I have made to Germany since the war. The lack of captured army flags might be explained by the fact that orders were possibly issued by other countries similar to that issued by our own headquarters in France as follows:

"G. O. 25, Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, August 23, 1917.

"In the advance section of the

L. of C., and in the zone of the advance, no distinguishing flags or signs will be used, except that the national flag will be displayed, as prescribed in chapter VI of the Geneva Convention, appendix 6, F.S.R. 1914."

"This brief summary is given of my intensive research for captured battle flags. Should anyone have further knowledge of captured flags, I would appreciate the information."

THE Legion holds its 1936 national convention in Cleveland, Ohio, September 21st to 24th. If a reunion of your wartime outfit during the convention is contemplated, it is time for you to announce that fact. Notify the Company Clerk of the Monthly so that notices may be published in this column and notify also J. M. Sawyer, Reunion Chairman of the convention, 14907 Lakewood Heights Boulevard, Lakewood, Cleveland, who stands ready to help you obtain a reunion headquarters and to arrange your dinner, luncheon or whatever entertainment you have in mind.

Detailed information regarding the following Cleveland national convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names appear:

NATL. ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Bertha Welter, natl. secy., Elkhart, Ind.

4TH DIV. ASSOC.—National and Ohio State reunion. Headquarters and banquet at Carter Hotel. Roy L. Hiller, chm., 418 Burleigh av., Dayton, Ohio.

326TH INF., CO. I AND M. G. Co.—Proposed reunion. Jack Steinlen, Clinton Corners, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

8TH F. A., BTRY. C, 7TH DIV.—Reunion. J. W. Shattuck, 1185 St. Charles av., Lakewood, Ohio.

78TH F. A., BTRY. F—Proposed reunion. Everett O. Powell, Salem, Ark.

14TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Send name and address to Carroll E. Scott, 54 College av., Medford, Mass for details and monthly paper, the *News*.

23D ENGRS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Henry J. Sterk, secy.-treas., 3938 W. 62d st., Chicago, Ill. Write to Bonny H. Benson, 518 N. Cuyler av., Chicago, for official paper, *The Engineer Along the Highway of Life*.

29TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. H. E. Seifert, 4 Tonkin ct., Kent, Ohio.

M. T. C. UNITS 301-23, NEVERS and VERNEUIL—Reunion. Report to Wm. R. Naylon, 1721 Burgess rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

199TH AERO SQDRN.—Vets interested in convention reunion, write to Lee H. Beers, Northfield Ohio.

(Continued on page 72)

HELP A Deafened Buddy HEAR AGAIN!

Amazingly liberal policy enables
deafened veterans to have world's
most scientific hearing aid NOW!
... without one penny's cost until
the Bonus is paid!

IF YOU know any member of the Legion who has lost or is losing his hearing, you can do him the greatest service anybody has ever done him... By simply mailing us his name and address, you can set him on the road to regaining his hearing!

We want to mail him a booklet on the new SONOTONE—the first portable bone conduction hearing aid—which has brought the happiness of good hearing to many thousands of men. We want to explain how he can start to wear a SONOTONE today—begin to HEAR again at once WITHOUT having to pay one single penny until after he cashes his bonus.

We ask you for this man's name because in all too many cases, men grow ultra-sensitive when they realize they are losing their hearing, and won't even give themselves a chance to be helped. Hundreds of war veterans now using SONOTONE can attest the fact that this astonishing invention does give them nearly normal hearing. Give us a chance to lay the same facts before any man you know to be handicapped by deafness. Mail us his name on the coupon below.

SONOTONE

SONOTONE Corp., Dept. A-L-1
19 W. 44th St., New York City

Please mail your booklet to my friend whose
name and address I list below.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....

REGULATION WAR MEDALS

Under the provisions of an Act of Congress, I am authorized to sell Military Insignia. Replace lost medals and ribbons. Victory Medal \$1.50, Verdun Medal \$1.50, World War Service enameled lapel bar \$.35. Complete illustrated history and price list of all medals and insignia. SEND \$.10 in coin or stamps.

GEORGE W. STUDLEY
115 Maryland St. Rochester, N. Y.
Past Commander American Legion Post 474

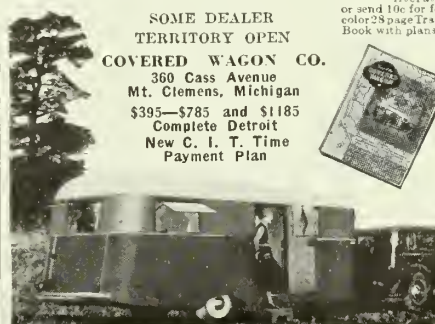
TRAVEL BY COVERED WAGON... AND SAVE!

* Covered Wagon Trailer Coaches provide all the thrills and pleasure of traveling, camping, exploring, loafing, fishing or hunting for much less than staying at home. Packed with luxurious completeness—spacious enough for four or even six—built for cross continent travel—rugged, dependable, comfortable—you can't beat a Covered Wagon for economy and downright enjoyment. The world's largest builders of travel coaches offer you the last word in design—at new low prices. Get out of the rut—and GO COVERED WAGON.

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FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT

*Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved*

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as *Tinea Trichophyton*. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.,

860 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

DRUGGISTS:

Send For
Special Proposition

Where Sleep the Brave

(Continued from page 71)

224TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. M. V. Matthews, 2208 Cuming st., Omaha, Neb.
851ST AERO SQDRN.—Vets interested in reunion, write to Ralph Krupp, 70 W. Market st., Tiffin, Ohio.

AIR SERV.—All vets who attended St. Louis reunion and others interested in reunion-banquet in Cleveland, write to J. E. Jennings, adjt. 1128 S. 3d st., Louisville, Ky.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—Annual reunion at convention. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1210 Watson av., Scranton, Pa.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Craig S. Herbert, personnel offcr., 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

NAVY—All-Navy banquet during natl. conv., Cleveland. Write to Navy Post, A. L., 4622 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

NAVAL AVIATION CAMP, CAP FERRET, FRANCE—Vets interested in proposed convention reunion, Cleveland, report to Charles G. Webb, Jr., U. S. Vets. Facility, Marion, Ind.

BOSTON NAVAL PRISON GUARD—Reunion of men who served on detail, 1917-18. John M. Wells, supervisor, Soldiers' Claims and Records, State of Ohio, 107 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus.

U. S. S. Hancock—Proposed reunion. Frank L. Mahoney, 500 Main st., Brockton, Mass.

U. S. S. Iowa—Reunion. Report your own and shipmates' addresses to Wendell L. Lerch, 4209 Post Office bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

U. S. S. South Carolina—Proposed reunion. J. M. Williams, 806 W. William st., Kendallville, Ind.

BASE HOSP. No. 136—4th annual reunion. Elmer V. McCarthy, M.D., secy., 108 N. State st., Chicago, Ill.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 6 VETS. ASSOC.—Convention reunion. Russell I. Prentiss, South Lincoln, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 10—Proposed convention reunion. Herman A. Wenige, P. O. Box 448, Jeffersonville, Ind.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 22—Vets interested in convention reunion, report to Paul E. Desjardins, Lapeer, Mich.

PRISONERS OF WAR—Proposed reunion of all American ex-prisoners of war. Irving Zolin, Woodrow Hotel, Beaumont, Tex.

SOC. OF CROSSBEN QUILLS OF AMERICA—Reunion of all ex-field clerks at Cleveland national convention. Society organized at St. Louis convention. W. J. Mueller, secy., 3316 N. Ninth st., St. Louis, Mo.

GREEK VETERANS REUNION—Hellenic Post of the Legion, Cleveland, will act as host to all veterans of Greek extraction who attend national convention. Vlahos John Harris, chmn., 1641 Grace av., Lakewood, Ohio.

Announcements of veterans' activities at other times and places follow:

YEOMEN F.—Reunion of former Yeomen in New York and New Jersey area at Rosoff's Restaurant, 147 W. 43d st., New York City, Fri., May 15, 6:30 p.m. For details, write Mrs. Irene Malito Brown, senior vice-comdr., The National Yeomen F., Room 2307, 26 Broadway, New York City.

SOCIETY OF 3N DIV.—Annual national reunion, Hotel Madison, Atlantic City, N. J., July 16-19.

CHARLES J. MCCARTHY, secy., Box 137, Camden, N. J.

4TH DIV. MEN OF N. Y.—Reunion dinner and election of officers, Hotel New Yorker, New York City, May 9. For details and application for 4th Div. medal, write to John A. Pierce, care of John David, 1271 Broadway, New York City.

4TH DIV.—Natl. Assoc. wants to contact vets interested in organizing 4th Div. chapters in Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona and Texas. Report to Carlton E. Dunn, natl. pres., 8514-160th st., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

5TH DIV. SOCIETY—Annual national reunion, Hotel Biltmore, Providence, R. I., Sept. 5-7. Walter E. Pears, gen. chmn., 62 Louis av., Providence. Copies of 5th Div. History may be obtained from William Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence.

YANKEE (26TH) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—National convention, Worcester, Mass., June 26-28. Edwin J. Noyes, gen. secy., Bancroft Hotel, Worcester.

SOC. OF 28TH DIV.—Spring reunion of all Red Keystoners in Philadelphia area, at 11th Inf. Armory, Philadelphia, May 8. W. T. Wolohan, 25 S. 6th st., Philadelphia.

30TH DIV.—A limited number of copies of the divisional history are being printed. To obtain copy, file name and address at once with E. A. Murphy, Lepanto, Ark.

32ND DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Biennial convention, Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 19-20. Byron Beveridge, secy., 1148 Florence st., Madison, Wis.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—18th annual reunion, Hotel Nederland Plaza, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. For details, write Jas. A. Sterner, 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

RA NBOW (42ND) DIV. VETS.—Annual national convention-reunion, Kansas City, Mo., July 13-15. Send for free copy of your paper, *The Rainbow Reveille* to Harold B. Rodier, editor, 717 Sixth st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

OHIO RA NBOW DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Mayflower Hotel, Akron, Ohio, June 5-6. Dale F. Powers, 56 Kent rd., Tallmadge, Ohio.

166th Inf. vets write to Jack Henry, secy., Marysville, Ohio, for free copy of *The Ohio Rainbow Reveille*.

78TH DIV. ASSOC.—Mid-summer reunion, Camp Dix, N. J., July 24-26. John Kennedy, secy., New Hope, Pa.

82D DIV.—Annual divisional reunion, Hotel Viking, Newport, R. I., May 16. R. J. McBride, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

312TH INF., 78TH DIV.—All-day reunion, Newark Memorial Day parade in morning; reunion dinner Douglas Hotel with Chaplain George Murphy as toastmaster. Make reservations with 312th Reunion Committee, 620 High st., Newark.

160TH INF., Co. C (formerly Co. E, 7TH INF., CALIF. N. G.)—Reunion at Legion Clubhouse, Santa Monica, Calif., June 16. Frank I. Bailey, 1028a 7th st., Santa Monica.

FIRST GEORGIA INF. VET. ASSOC.—3d annual reunion of vets, who served June 20, 1916, to Sept. 1, 1917 (Mexican Border period) at Augusta, Ga., June 28. James C. Bush, local secy., 3 Pine Grove av., Augusta.

11TH F. A.—Reunion, York, Pa., Sept. 5-7. Write R. C. Dickieson, secy., 6140 Saunders st., Elmhurst, N. Y., for your copy of new roster, also for *The Cannoneer*, outfit newsletter.

83N F. A. VETS.—Send name and address to Herman Bach, 5921 N. 34th st., Omaha, Neb., for copy of *Wanderings and Travels of the 83d*.

322N F. A. ASSOC.—17th reunion, Hamilton, Ohio, Sat., Aug. 15. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton.

12TH F. A., BTRY. C—Reunion-dinner during 2d Div. reunion, Washington, D. C., July 16-18. Irving Chayken, Parthenon bldg., Hammond, Ind.

6TH MARINES, 83D CO.—Annual gathering at 2d Div. reunion and dedication of its war memorial, Washington, D. C., July 16-18. Write for copy of *The Noble Following*, official company paper, to B. Steve Schwabke, 1232 Bellevue av., Los Angeles, Calif.

3N U. S. CAV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion in Washington, D. C., with visit to Fort Myer, Labor Day week-end, Sept. 5-7. "Ike" Ed Shoemaker, adjt., Higley bldg., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS., Ry.—7th reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, June 20-21. James A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 31st st., Little Rock, Ark.

31ST RY. ENGRS.—8th reunion, Denver, Colo., Aug. 23-25. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

309TH ENGRS.—13th annual reunion, Fort Logan (Denver), Colorado, July 24-25. Claude I. Orr, secy., 678 S. Remington rd., Columbus, Ohio.

Co. F 309TH SUP. TRN. SOC.—10th annual reunion, Biltmore Hotel, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 8-9. C. C. Perry, secy., Bardwell, Ky.

318TH SUP. CO., Q. M. C.—Vets interested in Chicago reunion, Labor Day week-end, and in New York City reunion in Oct., report to Wm. (Speed) Leckie, Wantagh, N. Y.

313TH F. S. BN.—16th annual reunion, Chamberlain Hotel, Des Moines, Iowa, Sat., Oct. 3. For roster of 400 vets, and particulars, write Dr. Chas. L. Jones, secy., Gilmore City, Iowa.

416TH TEL. BN. ASSOC.—Vets not receiving *Wig Wag*, write to T. N. Kimmel, secy., 7959 Avalon av., Chicago, Ill.

56TH PIONEER INF.—5th annual reunion, Monroe, N. C., Aug. 7. John Winchester, secy., Monroe.

59TH PIONEER INF.—Proposed reunion. John J. Dugan, P. O. Box 607, Wilmington, Del.

329TH FIELD REMOUNT—Proposed letter reunion. Sgt. Martin P. Flanagan, 10041 S. Peoria st., Chicago, Ill.

Co. A, ERIE SCHOOL BOARD TRNG. DET.—Proposed reunion, Penn. Legion Dept. convention, Johnstown, Pa., Aug. 20-22. John D. Kimmel, Johnstown Trust bldg., Johnstown.

U. S. S. Mount Vernon—18th annual reunion, Boston, Mass., Sept. 5. Send your name and address, also of shipmates you know, to P. N. Horne, Room 501, 110 State st., Boston.

210TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Champaign, Ill., in Aug. H. S. Lewis, 107 W. White st., Champaign.

267TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, old University Club bldg., N. Meridian st., Indianapolis, Ind., May 31. Banquet at Hotel Antlers. L. A. Hessey, secy.-treas., 3557 Kenwood av., Indianapolis.

AIR SERV., ESSINGTON, PA., and LAKE CHARLES, LA.—17th annual reunion, Essington, in May. S. H. Paul, 520 E. Gravers Lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

152N AMB. CO.—Reunion with Indiana Legion convention, Muncie, Ind., Aug. 22-25. Report to Earl Phillips, First Natl. Bank bldg., Marion, Ind.

CAMP SURGEON'S OFFICE, CAMP MERRITT, N. J.—Proposed vets association. Dr. Arthur L. Hyde, 812 Slattery bldg., Shreveport, La.

VETS. OF A. E. F. SIBERIA—Annual reunion, Knickerbocker Hotel, Hollywood, Calif., Aug. 11, 6 p. m., during Legion Dept. convention. Claude P. Deal, chmn., 920 Chester Williams bldg., Los Angeles.

HOSP. TRAINS NOS. 1-2-3 and 4 and UNIT CAP DET.—Officers and men interested in proposed reunion, report to William E. Powell, care of Police Headquarters, Rochelle Park, N. J.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., U. S. A.

SHIRTS...CAPS...TIES *for* Memorial Day

Detailed specifications are set forth below, for these brand new Legion shirts and ties, and Post caps. Play safe—make sure you have yours for Memorial Day and order NOW!



SHIRT SPECIFICATIONS

STYLE—Military, full-cut, to insure perfect fit and maximum comfort.
COLOR—Legion blue or white.

MATERIAL—2 ply, 80 x 80 heavy broadcloth, thoroughly pre-shrunk and guaranteed absolutely fast color.

EMBROIDERY—The embroidered collar emblems are beautifully reproduced in colors, and in pure silk.

TRIMMINGS—Each shirt is trimmed with Grade A, hard enameled heavily gold plated official uniform buttons.

SIZES—Made in a complete range of sizes, from 14 to and including 17 neck, and in all standard sleeve lengths.

DELIVERY—Immediate deliveries.

PRICES

Style 1-W—(white shirt), complete.....\$2.75 each

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(Ties Extra—See Prices At Right)

NOTE—Be sure to specify neck size and sleeve length when ordering.

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MATERIAL—14-oz. American Legion blue uniform cloth.

EMBROIDERY—All embroidery, including the emblem, which is reproduced in colors, is in pure silk.

TRIMMINGS—Genuine gold silk piping. Tan sateen lining. Genuine leather sweat band.

LETTERING—Two types of lettering available. Style 1 provides for the Post numerals only on the right hand side and state name in full only on the left, directly beneath the emblem. No deviations or additions. Style 2 provides for the Post numerals only on the right hand side, and the town name in full with state name abbreviated on the left (see illustration). Additional or special forms of inscriptions extra. Prices upon application.

DELIVERY—Caps are not carried in stock, but made only to special order. Two weeks required for delivery.

CAP SPECIFICATIONS—Grade B

Same as for Grade A, excepting made without lining, and with less expensive sweat band.

NOTE—Serge caps to match state uniforms available at no extra charge. Be sure to specify material name, and weight.

PRICES

| | Any Quantity |
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| Grade A, Style 1 lettering..... | \$2.15 each |
| Grade A, Style 2 lettering..... | 2.40 each |
| Grade B, Style 1 lettering..... | 1.90 each |
| Grade B, Style 2 lettering..... | 2.15 each |

TIE SPECIFICATIONS

High-grade, durable silk ties, with and without embroidered Legion emblem, are to be had in three colors, Legion blue, black, and gold.

STYLE—Full cut, lined, four-in-hand type.

COLOR—Legion blue, black or gold.

MATERIAL—Heavy, durable silk.

EMBLEM—Available with and without genuine silk embroidered Legion emblem in colors.

DELIVERY—Immediate deliveries.

PRICES

STYLE A—Plain, without emblem, in Legion blue, black or gold, 50c each

STYLE B—With genuine silk embroidered 1 1/4" Legion emblem applied at end of tie. Available in Legion blue, black or gold, 60c each

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EMBLEM DIVISION, AMERICAN LEGION HEADQUARTERS,
777 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Here is my check for \$in payment of the following:

.....SHIRTS. Color.....Sizes.....

.....CAPS. Grade.....Lettering.....Sizes.....

.....TIES. Color.....Style (Plain or with Emblem).....

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS:

In ordering caps, be sure to specify grade, lettering and size.
In ordering shirts, be sure to specify color, size and sleeve length.
In ordering ties, be sure to specify color.

Name.....Street.....

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I am a member of Post No.....Department of.....

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Our tense, high-strung way of living strains digestion. Busy Americans find smoking Camels a pleasant digestive aid that helps digestion to proceed smoothly and prosperously!

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Camels are a positive aid in relieving the effects of high-pressure liv-

ing. Science and common experience agree that smoking a Camel is a pleasant and effective way to assist digestion. Camels increase the flow of digestive fluids, and no matter how many you smoke they never get on your nerves.

From Camel's costlier tobaccos you get unequalled flavor. Because they are so mild, Camels never tire your taste or jangle your nerves. Smoke Camels during and between meals for a comforting *lift*—a sense of cheer and well-being—and *for digestion's sake!* Camels set you right!

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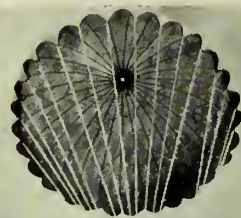


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